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THE FAIRY PRINCE WHO ARRIVED TOO LATE.

IN CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Two lads for love, two lads for joy,
Two lads I had to wed;
The one I wedded in my youth,
The one I found not till too long.
Two trothed at the gate;
The unchosen lord spoke low: I knelt
Dumb without a sign.
Then the chosen lord came in: low lower
Stoop—and kneel behind the queen.
Her heart was swerving all the while
For hasty it will.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
One year ago,
When clare pets had arrived in time,
Had not delayed,
The frozen fountains would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow.
The warm rain would have watered
To melt the snow
And life have been a revival: "I'm,"
Instead of dreary "No."

Is the fair face an alien lost?
Then she was fair
Most unseen for any kingly love.
Is the sweet voice choked
The thicket-sequestered by birds,
While peppers the moist warp
Some weak bird is stirred for food,
And His vital quivers there,
Shall I not hear, shall I not know
God of the more?

We never saw her with a smile
Or with a frown;
Her bed seemed never soft to her,
Her pillow hard;
She only looked up at the stars,
Knew, or wrought, not
Beneath her robes whose cross ended
Beneath her robes.
Her prayer was uttered in her looks
That used to be as brown.

We never heard her speak to learn:
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet;
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street.
There was no hurry in her haste,
No laziness in her rest;
She was clear-edged as a bell to hear,
The like might not be guessed.

You should have seen her reverently,
To stand upon her door,
But not to speak until you were ready
That rite is dead:
So we who have wept not to-day,
Shall not weep more.
Let us be patient, these are strong,
Your roses are too cool.
Let us be patient, these are not
Cut down and spread.

THE BANK FORGERY;

OR,

Unrepentant to the Last.

AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

BY FRENZIE DUNBRAKE

CHAPTER II.

THE "COUSIN OF YOUR LOVE" SUNG FAR FROM SOFTNESS.

On being told that his son had been invited to dine with the Pembroke's neighbor, Pembroke broke out into a torrent of angry words.

"I don't want to have anything to say or do with the fellow," he told Stephen. "He's an upstart. Stick as a nabob he may be; nevertheless he is an upstart."

"I do not think, father, that the gentleman deserves that appellation," the young man answered, after a pause.

"You don't think, indeed!" exclaimed Pembroke, with a sneer. "You do not mean to put your judgment against mine?"

"I should be sorry, sir, to do aught that a son should not do," was Stephen's respectful reply.

"Then go not into that man's house."

"But, sir, I have promised."

"No matter for that; you must invent some excuse for breaking that promise."

Stephen's face fell, and for some moments he was silent.

"You seem to forget, sir, that I am no longer a schoolboy," he said presently. "I am over, as you know, willing to obey you in all things; but in this one particular point I must beg to see my own will and pleasure. A man who has counted eight-and-twenty years of life has a right to submit to be transmanded always by his father, however wise that father may happen to be, and—"

"What do you mean?" interrupted Pembroke, with rage. "If you are determined to act contrary to my wishes, do so, and take the consequences of your wilful disobedience. Not a syllable more," stopping Stephen, who was about to speak; "I won't listen to you."

The matter must then left the apartment, and sought the presence of his mother, to whom he detailed the whole of the above-recorded conversation.

"I am at a loss, Stephen, how to counsel you," she answered. "I would be loath to say you do anything that would annoy your father; but you are of an age to judge for yourself of what is right and of what is wrong. Your own discernment, then, lead you."

"I see no harm whatever in going to dine with the Chesters."

"Neither do I, my boy."

"Then, mother, I shall certainly consider upon going."

The Pembrokers dined at 7 o'clock; so, likewise, did their next-door neighbor. With the exception of a couple of strikes, Pembroke could just manage to crawl into the dining-room, which he had no sooner reached than he looked round for his son.

"Where is Stephen?" he growled forth, his keen eyes fixed on his wife's face.

"He is next door, I think," she said, hesitatingly.

"Next door? Not at the Chesters', surely?"

Mary looked downcast.

"Is he gone to dine with those people?"

"I believe so."

"Contrary to my wishes. Very well indeed," flashed the merchant. "He is a most disobedient son; but he shall repent it—he shall repent it."

Mary made no answer, but took her work-basket and sat in the dinner-table, her husband sitting opposite her, looking dark and threatening as a thunder-cloud.

Meanwhile, Stephen was seated at Mr. Chester's hospitable board, with Caroline, his host's lovely daughter, near him.

Although Mr. Chester's behavior was full of courtesy toward his guest, it chose observer might have seen that he was not altogether at his ease. His eyes were restless, and, when he spoke, his voice sounded quite thick and hoarse, as if the owner was under the influence of some strong emotion.

If Stephen were charmed by a distant view of Caroline Chester's face, what was he now that he was able to closely inspect it? Its beauty was perfect, and fairly fascinated by, and already head over ears in love with her; and in less sweet society he lost all recollection of his angry father at home.

Mr. Chester did not appear to keep any listening ear to the conversation of his guest and his daughter; on the contrary, he held himself aloof from them as much as possible, and was apparently considerably gratified by the fact of Stephen's so interested in each other. The father evinced no anxiety to show off his daughter's accomplishments, and did she herself attempt to make an display of her accomplishments. At length Stephen glanced toward a piano, and asked for some music, and, without a moment's hesitation, Caroline went and seated herself at the instrument.

"Do you wish for instrumental or vocal music, Mr. Pembroke?" she inquired, in a most unaffected manner.

"Oh, if you please let me hear your voice above every instrument in the world," he replied, taking his place near her.

"What shall I sing?"

"Whatever you please. Where shall I find your music?" he asked, looking a bout for some.

"Perhaps you will look in vain; it has not been unpacked since we left the ship," she answered, curiously. But no sooner had she uttered those words than she, with a sudden scream, started backward; but, strange to relate, Stephen did not manifest their evident disorder.

"I have an excellent memory," Caroline Chester presently continued, "I can remember a score of songs without the least reminder."

And with that she ran her fingers rapidly up and down the keys for a few seconds; then, all at once, those fingers paused, struck a chord, and afterward glided along, producing a tender, melancholy strain, to which she added her soft, melodious voice.

Stephen stood entranced, his ears drinking in the sweet sounds, breeding love's settled passions in his heart.

Caroline's singing was not of the ordinary kind. I do not pretend to say her voice was anything very grand, for it had neither volume nor flexibility; still, she had the power of entrancing every ear that hearkened to her.

In such delightful society, you will not be surprised to learn that to Stephen the evening flew by with amazing swiftness. He was loath to withdraw when the hour of his departure drew near. He had been entertained so unobtrusively, yet withal so pleasantly, that he felt he could forever remain where he was. He took his host's hand in parting with considerable warmth; and oh, how he lingered in bidding sweet Caroline adieu!

He hoped they might become fast friends with one another, he said—friendship was a blessing to some—and he cordially seconded all his wishes, and the latter begged him to come often to them often—as often as he wished.

AFTER DINNER.

"The more frequently we may see you, Mr. Stephen, the more we shall be pleased," answered Mr. Chester, and he the young man lingered on the threshold of the door-way.

"You are very kind—very kind, indeed," Stephen answered, in inexpressible delight. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. I shall really feel happy to join your little home circle now and then."

Stephen then took his leave, and left the house.

On the young man's arrival at home, the hour of his return was inquired into, and the while face of his father showed a frown.

Stephen started on seeing it.

"I was in hope, sir, for a few moments," Pembroke said, in harsh accents, "that you—"

"Yes, sir—very good, sir," stammered the elder in reply.

The father and son were now face to face together.

"You have been next door, I understand," the former commenced.

"I have, father," Stephen replied. "Against my will."

"Then you were silent."

"Sir, down," Mr. Porchester added, sedentarily.

Stephen silently and mechanically obeyed the mandate.

"I believe that I stated—distinctly stated—my decided objection to your becoming intimate with the people next door?"

The listener bowed, assentingly.

"Well, notwithstanding this you have actually been dining with them?"

"I have, sir," Stephen replied; but a blameless act on my part."

"Can a spy be blameless?" and loud will my words, for I shall utter no empty threats. In this case, considering the lack of duty toward me you neglect to show, my commands a second time and I will not be trifled with. You are no longer. I have the power to do so, as you know, and I will not hesitate to use that power."

Stephen rose from his chair, and made as if to leave the room, but his father's words arrested him.

"I have not yet finished, Pembroke remarked.

"I beg your pardon, sir," rejoined the son, very respectfully.

"It's my impression—and I'm not very often wrong in my impressions—that these Chester people are a pair of mere adventurers. The fellow himself hasn't got any cash to speak of, and a prosperous city merchant, so he thinks to catch you for his daughter. You will please mark my words, you do not strongly follow my counsel. Remember that I have warned you, and you well-night."

And so saying the speaker seized his cane, and, dragged himself out of the apartment. As the door closed upon him, Stephen sank down on a chair, sighing into a seat, and bowed his head upon his breast, in of attitude of great dejection. While he was sitting thus, an entrance noiselessly slowly, and his mother appeared.

"My son!" she said, as she advanced toward him.

He raised his head at the sound of her welcome voice.

"I have overheard all that has just passed between your father and yourself," she added, taking a seat by Stephen's side; and I am sorry to find him so full of prejudice against persons when I honestly believe to be as thoroughly respectable as ourselves."

"Thank you, mother, thank you!" the young gentleman, taking his companion's hand, and tenderly pressing it between his own. "I will not conceal from you that I like the Chesters, father and daughter both; and that I am pleased to hear you express yourself thus kindly of them. I cannot understand my father's conduct in the matter. He does not admit that he had fallen desperately in love with Caroline; he would not do so. Had he not admired her from the very first hour that he beheld her—and had he not been thinking of her lonely sister? Thinking of her and of how his future life might be brightened by her presence, could he feel cold for his forever—that bright-eyed one, with her fresh ways, and her voice so sweetly attuned?

He did not admit that he had fallen suddenly in love with Caroline; he would not do so. Had he not admired her from the very first hour that he beheld her—and had he not been thinking of her lonely sister? Thinking of her and of how his future life might be brightened by her presence, could he feel cold for his forever—that bright-eyed one, with her fresh ways, and her voice so sweetly attuned?

"Thanks, Mr. Chester, but I think I cannot come into the evening," he declined out, most unwillingly. "Present my compliments to Miss Chester, and—"

And here he broke down entirely, feeling that he could not find a word more to say.

"Well, then, on some future evening, not a far-distant one, I hope we may expect your company," Mr. Chester said, shaking the young man's hand.

And, with those words, the two men separated, and each entered his own dwelling.

When Stephen made his appearance at the drawing-room, he found a stranger there—a super planter from the West Indies, whom Pembroke addressed as Mr. Zotterland.

A yellow-complexioned man, with hollow cheeks and eyes, thin lips, and large teeth, was this Mr. Zotterland. A most unpleasant-looking person, very tall and all-made, with immense feet and hands and awkward manners, and a voice that sounded like the croaking of a frog.

Mr. Zotterland had had a good many business transactions with Mr. Porchester, and the gentlemen had been somewhat acquainted with each other years ago, by the means of pens and papers, but they had never met until today.

The West Indian had called at the merchant's office in the city, a fact hallfore-gone Stephen had remarked in that morning, and failing to find Mr. Porchester there, and hearing that he was coming to his home from the scene of an accident, he had obtained his private address, and sought him out, anxious to see him on some important matter which would not admit of any delay.

Zotterland had much to talk about to the merchant, the last-named planter and certain speculations to set before him; but, which occupied the evening, till the door opened and Stephen appeared.

"Ever, sir," exclaimed the super-planter. "Well, you my word and honor, I shouldn't have thought it Mr. Porchester. I couldn't have imagined that you had a full-grown fellow like this to call you father."

Pembroke frowned and looked his brown together and drew his lips toward with a feeling of anger and disgust for the speaker.

Then he walked to the other end of the room, where his mother was sitting with her work-basket, and seated himself by her side.

What on earth is this vulgarian doing here?" he asked, under his breath. "I wish you had a word to say to that he is enormously rich, and has business transactions with your husband," returned Mrs. Porchester.

Stephen looked satirically. Whereupon, Zotterland turned sharply round.

"That's the boy, is it?" he said, half-aside, familiarly. "Come, let us have a look at him. Come here, sir. Take a laugh above all things. Now fix it."

Stephen stood where he was.

Zotterland's sight was far-too-being as strong, else he would have seen the contemptuous looks with which the young man regarded him.

"What, it's a-scowl, is it? Oh, well; with all my heart, sir," and Zotterland showed his big teeth in a broad grin. Then he turned and gave vent to a loud, hoarse chuckle.

Stephen still continued silent.

Dinner was soon announced; and presently the West Indian was engaged in devouring the contents of a dish of delicious soup, into which he had put a quantity of cayenne pepper, and a whole pepper.

The man was ignorant and rude beyond endurance; yet, strange to say, Pembroke, who was usually the most petulantly, and even smiled at his unmannerly remarks.

Stephen left his host, Zotterland, over the wine, and retired to the drawing-room.

"I say, Porchester," he said, speaking in a whisper, and significantly nodding his head toward the door where Stephen had just disappeared—"I say, that's a damned nice-looking fellow, that son of yours—upright. Nevertheless, I like him, and I'll tell you why. I like him, sir, on account of his—his—how, what do you think I'm going to say? Well, I'm not greatly flattered—greatly flattered, sir, by the attention he pays to your niece. Well, what to say?

"Oh, I'm sorry? Well, I'm glad to hear you say so."

"I was not aware that you had a family, Mr. Zotterland."

"Only one, my dear," pointed to have one," was the chuckling reply. "I can't say that I am very fond of my daughter's family. The master of the house raised his eyebrows at this, and seemed about to laughter as best he could. He did not relish the idea of his immense wealth, and the forthcoming condition of his son's wife, and the fortune of this Zotterland might become useful to it.

"Ah, you're married, then?" he replied, by the agreeable to the planter, and per se feels in either his speech or his behavior. Zotterland had a daughter, for whom he was desirous of securing a husband, and Porchester remembered that he himself had a son and heir.

Who could tell what might happen? Stephen might be able to rebuild the shattered fortunes of their home by wedding the West Indian's daughter.

These thoughts passed rapidly through the merchant's calculating brain, but they did no, the success look he had

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long worn gradually vanished, and a hopeful expression took its place.

"Yes? maybe like to see her?" resumed the guest, as he wiped upon his plate a fresh supply of pickerels and raisins.

"Meaning Mrs. Satherlee?"

The plaster nodded in reply.

"I'll bring her home some day," he hastened to say. "When shall it be?"

"I'm sure we shall be delighted to see her at any time," the merchant's wife said. Then, addressing his wife, he added aloud, "By-the-by, Mr. Satherlee's daughter will do us the honor of dining here next week. On what day shall we be pleased to fix for the event?"

"We will name the earliest," Mary rejoined, politely.

"That will be no morrow," the plaster eagerly snapped up.

"To-morrow, if perfectly convenient to yourself and Miss Satterlund," Mrs. Porchester answered, in the same accents as before.

"Oh, as to it being convenient to Bella, I never study that sort of thing with her," grinned the Red Indian. "If I say to her you must do this or that, woman's to-day, I expect that she will obey me. And I generally speaking, I am not disappointed by her."

"She has been used to having an obedient child," answered Mr. Porchester, plucking a morsel between his fish and a fat caffaire cannot say as much.

Again the plaster showed his large, gleaming teeth and chuckled.

"We will say to-morrow, then, Mr. Satterlund," Mary added.

The plaster's mouth was full at that moment, so he nodded his head by way of reply.

"Oh, mother, what a fearful infliction we have to look forward to!" Stephen murmured in her ear.

"It cannot be helped, my boy; we must be civil to this man, I suppose."

"It's a vulgar, hateful brute, whom I should like to smother!" exclaimed Stephen, under his breath. "I never saw his like. I wonder how on earth he can tolerate his presence here. As a master to be anticipated, but as a guest will resemble him in manners."

"Probably not, we shall see," Mr. Porchester responded.

Stephen elevated his shoulder, and uttered a short, disdainful laugh.

"Ah, indeed! I expect we shall see," he retorted, meaningly. "I wish I could feel asleep, and not awake again for whole week to come."

CHAPTER III.

THE MASTER AND HIS SERVANTS.

To-morrow came, and with it the plaster and his daughter—a colored woman.

Thick-lipped, flat-nosed, coarse-haired, and with a skin of a mahogany hue, stood Bella Satterlund before the astonished eyes of the Porchesters. She was about 16 years of age, diminutive in stature, and exceedingly thin, with large, black eyes, and white, glittering teeth. She was emaciated to a degree, nor, and by her ways showed that she was unaccustomed to respectable society and its usages.

"A kiss into thine, Porchester, when you come to know her," the plaster remarked, with a leer, as he took her hand, or was it her fist?—and shook it, as he did his own, behind and before, with a vigorous, and a somewhat sum whom I shall come to. "Come and walk up quit would be a good match, Porchester, shan't you? what's your? A chance of a million down on the wedding-day—not a farthing less."

"A quarter of a million!" exclaimed the elder, in his turn, with considerable surprise.

"Perhaps more; but I only promise the quarter, mind!"

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly," the merchant replied. "Confound it, if she were only white!" he added, under his breath.

Unaware of the plaster's matrimonial ambitions, Stephen took the trouble to observe quite closely the girl's demeanor, manner, thereby assuring his father, and delighting the watchful mother who was weak enough to regard the latter Bella as a most attractive and fascinating personage. He had been so long accustomed to the dark race that he had learned to look upon a black skin as a very inviting matter; in fact, in Satterlund's eyes, an ebony-hued woman was just as handsome as one of pure red and white. "It would prejudice me only to a bit of color different from your own," he was wont to say to himself.

But, as we have already shown, the plaster was a most ignorant man, and whom no sort of refinement could be expected to be found. Of course, the ungainly fond of his daughter in his own peculiar way, and was ready to bestow upon her a large share of his enormous wealth, in order to purchase a title and position in the world, and to add to the happiness of her mate. He gave away money without ever counting it, and he allowed her to throw herself entirely into her own taste, and as expensively as she wished. He felt satisfied when he saw her held her decked in all the colors of the rainbow, and in materials of the richest that could be bought; for he had as little judgment of what it was proper for her to wear as she herself.

On this occasion Bella wore a robe of white silk, with a train, as least, reaching two yards behind her, and a perfect of bright amber, trimmed with purple colored satin. Around her neck and her arms, and pendant from her ears, she carried diamonds and pearls of precious price; while on every finger she also wore a variety of glittering gems, the most beautiful possibly could be found.

Miss Satterlund spoke English with almost as much propriety and elegance as her paternal parent; and she used her hands and feet, at dinner time, with a rare weakness that Stephen, who was naturally watching her every finger's end, was pout that she had never used such articles before.

"What do you think of her, Porchester?" the plaster asked, in a low voice, during the dessert. She's fit for your son, or the son of any man, eh?"

"Decidedly," answered the merchant, fidgeting in his chair.

"I knew you'd admire her," returned the West Indian, quite delighted. "I said to myself, 'Let that gal only show herself, and she'll fairly turn young Porchester's head.' And so it is. Do you twig him?" he added, jerking his head in the direction of Stephen, who was talking to Bella, with a wish to gain some amusement out of her replies.

"Yes," echoed the master of the house, a look of annoyance spreading over his face.

"Yes, the youngster," returned the other, with more left of his head in the same direction.

"Ah, to be sure!" Mr. Porchester replied, feeling somewhat liable to be spot-molested.

Mary's cheek with her; it will be a match, sir."

A faint smile parted the merchant's lips, and then a sigh burst from them, at the thought of the quarter of a million of money, and then of the tawny visage of the plaster, leering at him from beyond that sum. He dreaded to either. "Impossible!" he said to himself, over to make a carrier of his liberty and his happiness in the way he could wish him. But he would talk to him, and point out to him the many advantages that would attend upon such union; and, moreover than that, the probable ruin which was threatening soon to fall upon Stephen might index on his arguments, and he might not. Mr. Porchester could not build upon security in his son's acquiescence to his will in such an important matter.

"I said it would be a match," Satterlund replied, finding that he was not likely to receive a speedy answer.

Mr. Porchester raised his head, and roused himself out of his reverie. "Leaving your pardon," he said; "I had unconsciously fallen into a fit of thought."

"Thought! About what?"

"Really——"

"Oh, about the young folks, to be sure!" the plaster cried.

At this instant Mrs. Porchester gave the signal to rise, and rose to their draw. But the young lady paid no attention to the move, and remained and kept her seat.

"You're not going to leave us, Mrs. Porchester?" said the plaster, addressing his hostess, who, after quickly bowing her head by way of reply, resumed her chair by the husband, and touched her bell.

"Let Bella alone, ma'am, mind the dear," Satterlund, with a coarse laugh. "If you perceive how agreeably she's engaged with your son, Porchester, I'll do well enough where she is, for the time being."

Mary colored, and hesitated how to act.

"Sit down again, my dear," said her husband, from which he rat. "Bella is not want to part with you yet awhile," Mary sat down accordingly in her seat with a look full of significance, and doing her best to conceal the annoyance she really felt at the moment.

"Now, do, and make yourself comfortable, my dear lady," put in the plaster, rolling his wineglass, and then tossing off its contents at a single gulp. "I love the girl like Bella, I do, indeed! No confusion, addressing his daughter, who only giggled the Porchesters. "Ah, sly one, I understand; don't I, Mr. Porchester junior? Well, well, go on! I'll with your pa's approval, I know."

Stephen hurried his brows for an instant, but in the next burst into laughter—a laughter in which there was much of confusion than merriment expressed. Mary, too, joined in the merriment, but not into a song.

"Then what is the use of talking?"

"Those are my sentiments," he said, after he had concluded his speech; "and very sensible sentiments they are, in the opinion of Mary, who, smiling, nodded once more drawing toward him the wineglass.

The merchant watched his guest with much amusement, and with considerable disgust as well. But he did not betray his feelings—he could not afford to do so—but wore a constant smile; a smile which deepened as the wine, of which he was a very free imbiber, began to take possession of his brain.

"A toleg-ram!" exclaimed the latter-named, taking a yellow-covered letter from the man's server. "Pay excuse," he added, addressed, turning to his guests. "Or will be with you presently, my dear," he said to his wife, as he broke the seal yet quitted the apartment.

Stephen, Mrs. Porchester and Bella —the former with very anxious looks—waited his return.

The merchant then tore open the yellow envelope, and read the telegram. After that he crushed the paper in his hand, and sank back in his chair.

Stephen was watching his father with intense anxiety.

"Good news, I hope!" said the plaster.

"Not bad," answered the other, speaking in a broken voice, but trying to assume a careless air.

"Bad! Why, stegrams, say I!" the West Indian resumed. "Bring they either good or bad news, it always comes upon you as sudden as a flash of lightning. Not that you've lost a million or £20,000; or the so-and-so bank has failed; or the firm of so-and-so is gone to smash. Oh, deliver me from all telegraphic communications, I come more certain!"

"Shall we follow the ladies?" the merchant said, following Bella's lead, who was saying, and at the same time starting up from his chair.

"With all my heart," answered the plaster, likewise following the example.

And the three men at once left the dining-room, and, crossing the hall, entered another.

Here they found up into her husband's face as he appeared, and in that face she saw a settled gloom—a look of deep despair. His hands, she perceived, were shaking with strange nervousness—a nervousness she had never seen him exhibit before.

"It is come at last, I fear!" she whispered within herself.

Pembroke Porchester's lips seemed sealed now. There he sat, like a statue, looking fixedly at the carpet, with his thoughts far, far away.

On being addressed by his plaster, he complained of a sudden and racking headache.

"That's the effects of that telegram," rejoined the other. "I told what they were, those telegrams. I'm never wrong."

Porchester clasped his burning forehead with his hands. The creaking voice of the speaker seemed to strike his brain like a hammer, and drove him almost beside himself. He wished to be by himself in his office, and he prayed that his guests would soon take their leave.

Mary, perceiving that the intention of going just yet, and the merchant was not inclined to endure the torture of his vulgar presence, and the still greater torture of his wife's silence, left the room, and ran down into the garden.

"What is the matter—what has happened?" Stephen asked, when they were gained, as soon as the door was closed upon his mother.

"Don't ask me, Mary!" he answered, abruptly. "Stephen, come with me into my study," he added, addressing his son. And, so saying, Mr. Porchester hobbled out of the room, and Stephen followed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Novel Sport.

Ex-Gov. Romualdo Pacheco being out in the country a few days since with Consuelo, his attention was called by the latter to a large flock of geese in the waters near the shore of Angel island by some hunters who had put off in a small aboard and concluded must be a double-barrel shotgun. Mr. Pacheco, however, and less superstitious eye instantly recognized that the boys mistook the swans as the sailors of a magnificent ship, and that the hunters in question just completed the voyage down from the Sacramento River in their vessel. The blue blood of the swallers of Spanish ancestry took fire at once, and without hesitation he ordered the hunters to desist from their murderous work, and kept her seat.

"Now, do, and make yourself comfortable, my dear lady," put in the plaster, rolling his wineglass, and then tossing off its contents at a single gulp. "I love the girl like Bella, I do, indeed! No confusion, addressing his daughter, who only giggled the Porchesters. "Ah, sly one, I understand; don't I, Mr. Porchester junior? Well, well, go on! I'll with your pa's approval, I know."

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"Good news, I hope!" said the plaster.

"Not bad," answered the other, speaking in a broken voice, but trying to assume a careless air.

"Bad! Why, stegrams, say I!" the West Indian resumed. "Bring they either good or bad news, it always comes upon you as sudden as a flash of lightning. Not that you've lost a million or £20,000; or the so-and-so bank has failed; or the firm of so-and-so is gone to smash. Oh, deliver me from all telegraphic communications, I come more certain!"

"Shall we follow the ladies?" the merchant said, following Bella's lead, who was saying, and at the same time starting up from his chair.

"With all my heart," answered the plaster, likewise following the example.

And the three men at once left the dining-room, and, crossing the hall, entered another.

Here they found up into her husband's face as he appeared, and in that face she saw a settled gloom—a look of deep despair. His hands, she perceived, were shaking with strange nervousness—a nervousness she had never seen him exhibit before.

"It is come at last, I fear!" she whispered within herself.

Pembroke Porchester's lips seemed sealed now. There he sat, like a statue, looking fixedly at the carpet, with his thoughts far, far away.

On being addressed by his plaster, he complained of a sudden and racking headache.

"That's the effects of that telegram," rejoined the other. "I told what they were, those telegrams. I'm never wrong."

Porchester clasped his burning fore-

LUNY LEVITER-WRITERS.

President Hayes' Correspondents.

The President says the Washington girls "overwhelm" him with letters. Perhaps no other individual in the United States receives so many. It would be impossible to say that he receives more than anyone else in the public service. Every mail brings him a large batch coming from almost every State in the Union. Besides these letters from foreign lands are the rule rather than the exception. These letters are upon every conceivable subject. Applications, criticisms of his Presidential policy, solicitations of this President or that, requests for autographs, letters of counsel, letters of warning, letters of advice, and hundreds of other topics are received daily. Every mail brings to his desk letters from the Executive Mansion, and so great has become the correspondence that it demands the services of a large force of clerks in the Executive office

FARM, GARDEN AND HOME.

A Trio.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

A whippoorwill sat on the edge of the wood,
Perched on a log in the twilight dim;
And he called to his mate in the distance, "Whip—
O! Whip-poor-will!"—near and ever again.

Under the log was a catcher's nest,
Who chirruped away at his very feet;
In a pool hard by, where the pond-lilies float,
A belated bullfrog had his throat.

Just as the shadows of the evening fell,
And the interior to the barns had a smell,
Charmed in song with the whip-poor-will
Was a genuine bull-frog and cricket trill.

"Pool! Pool!" growled the old bull-frog,
"Sitting there on your hollow log,
Making night hideous with your cry,
While I charm all the passers-by!"

"Cheer up, cheer up," sang the cricket small,
"I don't mind my back with your music and call;
I catch relief from the slightest touch,
And my chirrup you always can hear so much!"

"Whip-poor-will," cried the lonely bird,
"Your voice is not to be slighted or scorned;
As sure as he repeated, his sound will be,
Refound by distance, far away.

Sometimes, to soothe with the cricket's chirr
And the bull-frog's mutter offend ear,
For in the midst of the hum of insect and
I, too, would fly like the whip-poor-will.

Suitable Crops for Orchards.

Small fruits are best in the New York *Tribune*. Plow and cultivate your orchards, young and old. Sow some small grain and grass, but plant no corn, potatoes, and other hoed crops. Sowed grains and grass grow the most rapidly in the season, the same time the trees grow, then the crop is taken off, sometimes the warm rains of August and September will start the trees to a late growth, greatly to their damage. Not so with corn or potatoes. Hoeing them mostly in July and August, the time we wish to check the growth of the trees. Therefore, do not plow the orchards after July and your cold weather. Plow it to often beneficial to destroy insects, and to mellow the ground thoroughly, winter. Buckwheat is an excellent orchard crop. Harvest some of it while flowering for honey, but where the orchard needs fertilizing, let it lay where it is, it will improve ground and rot. Mulch the ground under the trees, but clear around the body, but not under the limbs.

Fodder Corn.

This crop produces more nutrite food to an acre, according to the cost of seed and it, than any other crops farmers can raise. The trouble is to get a stand after is raised. All that is required for a good crop is a warm light soil, well ed six inches deep, harrowed down smooth, prepared with a cross furrow mark for the drills 3 or 4 inches deep, if first from one to the other, scatter over the three drills at the rate of 3 to 5 bushels per acre, then cover the seed from 2 to 3 inches deep with any coarse, strong cultivator between the drills, and the work of cultivating is done. If the soil is dry early in September, kind it in bunches of 10 hills by well and let it remain as it is dried, it will stand up, then get it in the barn, and if it is dry it will stand, because the greatest difficulty I have found in curing corn in the past, is to make the fodder stand up until it gets dry enough to put in the barn. And this difficulty is much increased if the fodder has been bleached down by the rain and wind before it is ready to be cut up. But with the kind I have ever found to overcome this difficulty to set a stout stake, say six feet long, firmly into the ground, one for each shock, then set the fodder up around the stake and bind it to the stake near the top. Or, if the stakes cannot be obtained readily, put up three small ones, similar to those for a shock, and them together at the top, then set the fodder up around them and bind it to the poles near the top, the same as if there was but one stout stake. These are two other difficulties not so easily overcome; the fodder must be cut up before the frosts touch it in the fall, and, provided all these difficulties are overcome, it is a very bulky fodder and requires a large amount of room to store it away for winter. So, upon the whole, I give preference to the rice bags, which is not injured by frost, and requires but little room for storage.—*Concord Gleanings.*

South-Down Grade Lambs.

The shepherd on Houghton Farm has made a great fair. He has sold about 113 ewes, chiefly grades, picked up from the west and bought, being in the way for autiion. The proprietor, having a few fine pure-bred Downs, is trying to get the beneficial effects of sheep husbandry on the farm prior to purchasing a large number of any costly breed. There are at the present time 50 lambs on the many ewes, without any mishap, and those which came first are fine and big enough enough to commence the season of early lamb fat with, and a credit to the dam reared, because the farm, although one of the most desirable in the county, has only been taken in hand recently, and accommodation for stock is not yet completed. It is an estate of 660 acres, and entered on the owner at the same time conducting one of the most extensive dairies and enterprising mercantile successes of the day. He has not had time to carry out his ideal of what a modern agricultural establishment should be.

These ewes have had only such attention, food and shelter as any ordinary farmer is able to provide. They ran over a high mountain pasture during August and September. In October and November they still had the mountain roam over the sheep-walk; but the proprietor has a very nice sheltered paddock and he had turnips spread daily between and under the trees, which in winter kept them three for an hour or two every day. Occasionally the shepherd put in some droppings which are expected to tell favorably on the trees next spring and summer. The turnips were changed for swedes in December, and for what then ran over some low land, and had swedes lasted the first part of the month. Then when more wintry weather came on, they had hay in their yard at night, and now are kept in; and those which have lambs are fed a few oats, a little bran and some cabbage, and a few swedes are still on hand. When they are all gone, oil-cake will be given, and then potatoes, wood and lambs will all increase in a surprising manner.

It is thought that it is a great loss to the United States to allow oil cake to be sent to foreign lands, as it has long been known to be unequaled for making the finest meat that can be sent to market. At the same time, it enriches the manure to such a degree, as to be worth one-half the cost for this purpose. Should these ewes have some of the cake now that the winter forbids any more in the fields, they will doubtless feed the lambs to such fine and palatable meat, that Houghton farm, when thoroughly regenerated, will be a power in the land. With success in the preliminary experiments, astonishing results will follow.—*Exchange.*

Windmills on the Farm.

Hon. Lewis F. Allen writes to the *Country Gentleman* a very interesting account of the use of windmills on Grand Island for the purpose of raising water for farm purposes. After describing the topography of the island, Mr. Allen says of windmills:

"These have been so perfected within the past few years, and of various kinds that it is not worth while to specify any one as superior to another. They are made all over our northern and western States, widely advertised in the papers, and each one who has them can tell people of their working qualities. I only propose in a general way, and from experience of my own trial of one of them.

"Although accommodated by access to the river with water for all my household buildings, and for the supply of cattle, set the barns and stables, my convenience for all was not satisfactory. Two or three years ago, I sunk three different wells in the barn-yard, and as the best animal stock is kept, another at the farm house convenient to the house-yard. These still another as a dwelling half a mile distant, and one at the blacksmith shop. The wells were severally 57 feet at the first barn, 62 at the farm-house and 50 feet at the dwelling above, all yielding water good, watery, tasting only the surface of the rock at the bottom, where a abundance of water was found. I should also add that a few feet from the surface of the ground a hard red clay was penetrated until within a few or two of the rock, when a layer of gravel and sand was reached, and on the surface of the rock a stream of water flowed which formed the supply. All these wells were bored and socket pipe was put down, varying only in size. In each one was inserted a good iron pump, with a lever and a quarter inch iron rod, leather, with a buffle that is inclined from the bottom upward, and the surface is always as a full moon and as smooth as glass. There is a gilded eagle and snakes a finger we constantly keep it in the tank, and the leather is preserved in a solution of tallow. But the blood has hardly dried on the finger before it is swallowed, and the hammer again, and ready to make another stroke. The wells are simple in ornaments, and breaking the commandments. The revolver is simply a cylinder in which the ball is placed with formed the supply. All these wells were bored and socket pipe was put down, varying only in size. In each one was inserted a good iron pump, with a lever and a quarter inch iron rod, leather, with a buffle that is inclined from the bottom upward, and the surface is always as a full moon and as smooth as glass. There is a gilded eagle and snakes a finger we constantly keep it in the tank, and the leather is preserved in a solution of tallow. But the blood has hardly dried on the finger before it is swallowed, and the hammer again, and ready to make another stroke. The wells are simple in ornaments, and breaking the commandments. The revolver is simply a cylinder in which the ball is placed with the powder. The revolvers are usually only 10 inches long, and the barrel is made so as to be perfectly sure in its supply of water, and the pump is easy, and is never 60 inches separate from the other. It has thus far worked to a charm, proving all that the seller have needed, and working but a few hours more or less, as the wind may occur, during the day. A tank or trough 16 feet long, 10 inches wide at the bottom, and facing two inches wider at the top, and 16 inches deep, securely tongue-grooved and well painted, stands near the pump, where the cattle can drink as will, makes the accommodation complete, and is infinitely better than to drive them to the river a mile distant, as I have formerly done in winter, when its shores are frozen the river never freezes only along the edges from one of the cars of the image, and sometimes one cannot see object a devout worship. The hearing of this strange story, and stations with the fact that I am one of pilgrimage to the miraculous statue, and pump one windmill master plainly from the bedded in the lobe of it a crystal substance, which, when subsequently examined turned out to be a diamond. On the reverse of the image, as everybody else has known, the people of the district became excited, and the Bishop ordered it to be cut and sell it, and other protesting the water purposes. There are now five windmills in use on Grand Island, each of which does services scarcely my own, and I presume that $500 would not buy either one of them if their owners it. We could not get along well on a farm that within the next two years several more windmills will be erected there."

The Household.

OVEN-SHELLS LIME FOR.—One lemon, grated, one-fourth of a pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, five eggs, spoon of brandy, flour enough added just before baking.

TO MAKE BLACK INK.—Bruised galls, two pounds; logwood chips, green copperas and gum, one pound of each; water, seven gallons. Boil two hours and strain. Produces fine gallons.

TO CLEAN SHAWLS.—Take one pint of molasses, one teacupful butter, one spoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, and boil all the ingredients thoroughly; when cool enough for the hands rub the shawl well with the mixture. The shawl flower as can be rolled into the mixture.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS WITH BENZINE.—Spread a piece of white flannel brown paper over the grease spot, and with a large pinch of buckwheat between them. Then rub with a hot flatiron.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Put one pint of molasses, one teacupful of salt, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar.

FROSTED LEMON PIE.—Juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup sugar, three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk or water, tablespoonful of flour; two pies. When baked add frosting and bake light brown. Frosting—Whites of three eggs, seven tablespoonful of powdered sugar.

CORN BERRY.—Two cups of corn meal, one cup sifted sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, three well-beaten eggs, one and a half pints milk; mix meal, flour, sugar, and cream of tartar; dissolved the soda in the milk; add the meal, etc., butter, grits and eggs. Bake 30 or 40 minutes.

TO KEEP FLIES IN SUMMER.—Pats of sawdust may be kept safely from moths during the summer by brushing them thoroughly, so as to eradicate all the moth eggs; then wrap them up in newspaper so that every part is covered entirely. This is unfailing if the clothes or furs be well brushed beforehand. Some think gum camphor put with them is destructive to moths, but I have never tested it, and never had any trouble unless the moths were in the clothes when packed away.

BOSTON CREAM CAKES.—Half pound butter, three-fourths pound flour, eight eggs, one pint of water; stir the butter to a cream, add the eggs slowly, beat well; then add the flour; let it boil one minute, then set away to cool; beat the eggs light and stir into the cooled paste; bake in small buttered pans; when done, split, filling them and fall.

CORN CAKE.—I. Use 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 egg, 1 pint of milk, soda dissolved in a cup of milk; thicken to a batter with corn meal or meal and flour. This quantity is enough for three cakes, as sugar is spoiled by cooking. This article. II. Use 1 cupful of boiling water, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, 1 piece of butter the size of an egg, 1 cupful of milk, and less than 2 cupfuls of sugar.

MELTON VEAL.—Cut 2 pounds of raw veal and half as much ham into small pieces, put in a stew pan with 2 ounces of butter, and let it remain about 10 minutes, stirring it over the fire; then add 1 pint of water, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion, pepper, and salt till all is used; then simmer gently for an hour and a half, and serve with a wedding; let it remain another hour and a half; turn it out on a dish when it is cold.

The Family Hammer.

True to life is the following from one of the "Sparrer" windmills over the way exasperating subject. "The family hammer."

No well-conducted family pretends to be without a hammer, but there is something that goes to make up the enjoyment of life in a well-regulated family that causes one-half as much agony and pro- with about one and a quarter inches in the hammer, with a buffalo that is inclined from the bottom upward, and the surface is always as a full moon and as smooth as glass. There is a gilded eagle and snakes a finger we constantly keep it in the tank, and the leather is preserved in a solution of tallow. But the blood has hardly dried on the finger before it is swallowed, and the hammer again, and ready to make another stroke. The wells are simple in ornaments, and breaking the commandments. The revolver is simply a cylinder in which the ball is placed with the powder. The revolvers are usually only 10 inches long, and the barrel is made so as to be perfectly sure in its supply of water, and the pump is easy, and is never 60 inches separate from the other. It has thus far worked to a charm, proving all that the seller have needed, and working but a few hours more or less, as the wind may occur, during the day. A tank or trough 16 feet long, 10 inches wide at the bottom, and facing two inches wider at the top, and 16 inches deep, securely tongue-grooved and well painted, stands near the pump, where the cattle can drink as will, makes the accommodation complete, and is infinitely better than to drive them to the river a mile distant, as I have formerly done in winter, when its shores are frozen the river never freezes only along the edges from one of the cars of the image, and sometimes one cannot see object a devout worship. The hearing of this strange story, and stations with the fact that I am one of pilgrimage to the miraculous statue, and pump one windmill master plainly from the bedded in the lobe of it a crystal substance, which, when subsequently examined turned out to be a diamond. On the reverse of the image, as everybody else has known, the people of the district became excited, and the Bishop ordered it to be cut and sell it, and other protesting the water purposes. There are now five windmills in use on Grand Island, each of which does services scarcely my own, and I presume that $500 would not buy either one of them if their owners it. We could not get along well on a farm that within the next two years several more windmills will be erected there."

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Summer's Here.

BY MRS. L. L. WILSON.

Purple violets have died
Where the snowdrops peeped of snow;
Fill in violets please instead
Summer's here, I know.

Where the hillside wept in spring,
As the sun shone out at last,
And the swollen streams sing
Through the meadows fast,

Where the hillside wept in spring,
As the sun shone out at last,
And the swollen streams sing
Through the meadows fast,

Where the hillside wept in spring,
As the sun shone out at last,
And the swollen streams sing
Through the meadows fast,

There's a rain of silvery whispering leaves,
For Summer's here.

From the maple tassels red
Where the sap has run,
And the silver drops are formed
On the elm's tassels dun,
On the pink of golden glow,
On the willow's green,
Summer's here, I know.

There are tiny mites, heavenly beauties—summer's here,
Yes, Summer!

—*Wide Awake.*

A True Story About Rice.

I am sure you will not find robins are ready for a story about mice, for children have a great dislike to them, and will have mice with their smooth gray fur, their long tails, their sharp teeth, their bead heads, and their curious ears always listening to hear the slightest sound in the house.

Once there was a dear little robin, with a lay coat of scarlet fever; to be sure he was a little bird, but he was a very beautiful one, and in his nick room one day, when mamma was out, he thought that could be thought of, while a living bird was in the house, especially such a bird as him. But all these luxuries could not make him happy, for he was lonely, and he would gladly have changed places with any one in the world, rather than be left in his father's lot, and who lived in a very big house.

Now Will was a very patient little fellow, and thought of nothing outside of his aching head, or of the disagreeable noise that was going on in the room, though he could not help hearing it, but after a few minutes he found the noise was not a strange bird upon him and he became quite interested in it. So he talked and sang and days he saw strange sights that he could not understand.

Straight to the constantly fancied that he saw a little mice, with their little pink eyes, running about in the room, yet, creeping over his bed; and then he would call to his mother and saying, "There be is!" would make a dreadful grab at the imaginary mice, and then worry cry because he could not find them. So he grew more and more excited.

Not one night as his sister sat by his side, he quickly touched her arm and said, "Sister, there is a mice!" Then she, those future little mice drinking, and then she, those future little mice drinking, supposing it to be a mice of his fancy, said, "Why, brother, you are just like Jack once, she turned around, and what do you think she saw?

On the mantle-piece stood a goblet half full of water, and creeping down the side of the glass, hanging to its rim by its hind feet, was a large mouse. Without another word, she ran to the door and called to her mother, who, coming in, saw the mouse just as it was making the last effort to get to the top of the glass, and with a sudden jump and a loud scream she caught it in her hand.

Will was delighted, and thought that the mice were all gone, but his sister said that there were more in the house, and that she would set a trap for them.

Will was very much interested in this, and watched with great delight as his sister set the trap, and then he was very much disappointed when she said that he must stop watching it, and go to bed, for it would be better for him to be asleep when the mice came.

Will was very much disappointed at this, but he knew that his sister was right, and so he went to bed, and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning he was delighted to see that the trap had been sprung, and that there was a mouse in its teeth, but he was very much disappointed to see the awful death of being drowned in the water. And then, when his sister and sister eleanly watched them, the old mouse came out of the hole, and Will thinking he had had enough, and he would have to be left to starve on the edge and drank his fill, while the little mice were scarcely able to walk, and between his teeth, just as the older one had done before.

But it was so funny that Will could not help laughing, and a half-suppressed giggle from him made the mouse start with a jump down from the glass as nimbly as a little one could.

Will was very much amused at seeing his little one with him.

Then there were many funny things about these little animals, but I will not tell you all, as I am afraid you will be tired of reading about mice.

Will was very much pleased with his mice by asking in a corner of it, for the boys would like to see a girl!

—*Helen Hunt, in Christian Union.*

Ice Hunters.

The bear was in an important and valuable animal to the Finns, for the bears which build huge honeycombs are divided in the spring, and the bees which die of the lofty branches of the highest trees. Honey and wax are valuable articles, and often three or four feet in diameter. The bear is also native to the Finns, and a very interesting sight it was. In the month of May, in the forests of the nests, I one day saw three or four Finnish men and boys take a large bear, and, looking up, saw on a very lofty branch a bees' nest. The bear could not climb. The tree was straight and without branches for a great height, and till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground. The men cut down the limb which the bees had chosen for their home, and when free produced a long piece of wood, wrapped round with straw, and then fastened his cloth tightly round his head from over the eyes downward, and put it round his head, neck and body, and tied it firmly round the neck, having his face, arms and legs completely free. Then he bid good-bye to his friends, and began to climb the tree. He had a long thin coil of cord; and while he had climbed up the tree he fastened it round his companions had cut a strong creeper from some distance, and this he also fastened to the other end of which the wood-torch was fastened, and which was now burning, emitting a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a clapping knife was fastened by a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rope, just above the torch, and passed the other end round the trunk of the tree, holding one end in each hand. Looking it up the tree a little above his head, he set his feet against the trunk, and, leaning back, began walking up it. He kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees. Then he stopped a moment, and took care to swing the torch (which hung just as its feet) a little toward these dangerous insects, so as to send up the stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner quite unintelligible to me, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the rope, managed to get astride it.

By the time the bees began to be disturbed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that entered the surrounding fire. Then, stretching himself along the limb, he cut away the honeycomb, and swung the torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, it color changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around. The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed off the remaining bees with his hand, and then, drawing his knife, cut off a comb at one slice close to the tree, and, attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below. He was at this time enveloped in a cloud of angry bees, and how he bore their stings I cannot tell, and went on with his work at that giddy height as composedly as more than I could understand. The bees were evidently no annoyance to the smoke or driven away far by it, and it was only those that were brushed off from the torch could protect his whole face while at work. There were now no other combs on the same tree, and all the honeycomb was soon in the basket, the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and young bees, and the wax a valuable lot of wax.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Bird Love.

In olden days, at the time when the swallows were said to be hibernating, a cocoon was formed by the whole house in the gable of the farm-house, and the first glimpse of the welcome visitors, the whole 400 kindred would be ready for them. It was believed that the swallows took a great interest in the affairs of fairs, and examined everything closely before they left, and, on their return, showed more and more amusement, they sang:

Swallows, swallows, flying south,
Summer days are warm;
Winter days are sharp and cold,
Swallows, swallows, flying south,
Summer days are warm.

Swallows, swallows, flying north,
Summer days are here;
Winter days are cold and drear,
Swallows, swallows, flying north,
Summer days are here.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

THINKING.

Thinking is not dreaming. The world is full of dreamers. A few men do most of its thinking. Thinking is manufacturing. It is taking mental tools and hammering, and filing, and molding, and shaping, until ideas have grown into fully-developed realities of the brain, with dimensions and clearly-marked outlines. The reason there are not more thinkers is because thinking is work; it wears away tissue and muscle. It is tiresome. It requires time and purpose. Men can dream while they sleep; to work they must be awake. Dreaming is tearing away the flood-gate and allowing the flood to pour through; if anything remains it is only drift-wood that chances to hang on the way. Minds fill with drift-wood because they are not thinking. Thinking is measuring chances, weighing principles, watching the operation of law; it is a process of creeping upon things and taking them by surprise before they have time to get away. A thinker is a hunter. He must live alone. He must be satisfied with small daily fare, and often see his game fly before he has time to shoot. He must have courage to face chasms, and dark places, and climb steep mountains. He must love solitude on an outpost hidden in the rocks.

And here is the reason this age is not profitable for good thinkers. It is an age of company, of travel, of theater-going, of corporations and speculations. Men live in crowds. It is a day of double houses. Too much man and not enough of God. Communion with nature is shut out. There are no sparks because the flint and steel are in contact. Men are following the college drones, "ponying" through life. Everybody wants to ride. Going to the spring for water is out of fashion. The spring must come up the hill. We want to turn the faucet and have things run out to our hand, and the faucet must be on castors, that it may be convenient.

For these reasons most people are only sponges; they live wholly by absorption, and are like the thing they touched last. They wait for things to "turn up;" but the only thing they ever find turning up, especially for them, is a little sod in a lone corner of the grave-yard, and they are at last laid away, while the great multitude, having never missed them, ask in wonder, "When did he die?"

WORKERS UNDERGROUND.

It is not generally known to what extent we are indebted to worms for the productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants, whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been made. The mold of our gardens, and fields too, is improved to an almost inconceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its own weight in mold, and the soil thus produced is fine and light and extremely helpful to the growth of plants. When it is remembered that there are in every acre some 34,000 worms, and that, in addition to forming every day about thirty-seven pounds of fine mold, they open up the sub-soil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought-of little workers.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

All persons, but young men especially, should remember that politeness, or civility, or urbanity—whichever you please to call it—is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction. We must bend to one another; we must step aside, now and then, and allow others to pass; we must learn to speak pleasantly when irritated, and to do many things, which may be hard to do, in order to avoid collision. In a world of selfish interest and selfish pursuits, where every man is intent on his own special good, we must adapt ourselves to all the circumstances of our lives, and nothing will facilitate this so much as civility. Young men generally would be astonished to find how much their personal happiness, popularity, prosperity, and usefulness depend on their manners.

THE Virginia natural bridge is put down among the assets of its bankrupt owner at $14,000.

A MUSICAL PARTY IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I had the good fortune—and "whether good, or whether bad, depends on how you take it"—to spend some weeks in a new village in one of our Western States, about five years ago, and, while there, I had the pleasure of attending the first musical party, not only of the season, but the "settlement."

"There's goin' to be some kind o' doin's up to Hilliker's the 22d," said Mrs. Brown, the lady of the house where I was boarding. "Mr. Brown, he said Hilliker was down to the store buyin' all sorts of stuff, an' he said Hilliker said his wife was just goin' to take the shine off'n the rest of us, with her supper, she allowed, if nothin' happened to prevent, an' Hilliker, he asked my man an' me to come, and said he'd send you an invite."

"What's the party to be?" I asked.

"Don't know," answered Mrs. Brown. "Hain't no idee. Guess it's to show off their new orgin, likely. They feel purty big over it, I've heerd. Well, ef we'd gonged the neighbors, as Hilliker has, mebbe *we* could afford orgins, an' parlor cheers, an' sich things."

The next day I met Mr. Hilliker.

"See here," said he, taking me one side in the bar-room of the "tavern," "we're goin' to have a little time up to our house Washington's birthday, an' we've invited most o' the neighbors in these diggin's, an' we want *you* to come. Be there?"

"I think I shall have to accept the invitation," I answered.

"Put it there, then," said Mr. Hilliker, holding out his hand; and we shook hands on the agreement.

The 22d came, and, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, I went to Mr. Hilliker's. The house was full. In the "square room," where the "parlor cheers" were supposed to be, I heard the sound of an organ, and, getting a glimpse through the door, saw Mr. Thompson, who "led the singing" at "meetin'," sitting before the instrument in a very-much-doubled-up position, one elbow on his knee, and that hand supporting his head, while with the first finger of the other hand he was trying to "pick out" Martin.

"Got a good instrument there, Hilliker," said Brown, as he took off his overcoat. "Can tell by the sound on't."

"Yes, purty fair, I guess," answered Hilliker, pleased at Brown's appreciation. "Jane Ann's gittin' so she can jest make it scream right out, when there ain't nobody but the old woman an' me 'round, but she's baskful, an' won't play to-night. I'm awful glad *you've come*"—to me. "We heerd you could jest play the socks off'n anybody in the State. Set right up to the critter, an' give us a tune. Say, Thompson, give *this* chap a chance to show off a leetle. He'll beat *you*, *I'll* bet, he, he, he!"

I begged to be excused. Said I'd rather listen to Jane Ann, etc., but there was no escape. I played a little extemporized voluntary, but that didn't "take with a cent," to use Brown's phrase.

"I s'pose that's city music," said Mrs. Hilliker, "but I'd ruther heer suthin' kind o' lively. Don't ye know 'Zip Coon' or the 'Arkansas Trav'ler?'"

I happened to be familiar with those classical compositions, and played them to as appreciative and delighted an audience as Liszt ever had.

"That's my style," declared Hilliker. "I say, old woman, can't we dance a figger or two? It puts the light fantastic into a feller to listen to them tunes."

Mrs. Hilliker decided that there wasn't room for dancing.

"Play somethin' more," suggested a man at my elbow. "Somethin' like them, o'ny dif'rent."

I played "Hail Columbia," and the men all accompanied with their feet, until I could imagine I had an audience of street-boys, impatient for a theater performance to begin. Then I played Yankee Doodle, and some of them whistled the tune through with a great deal of energy and many variations.

"Purty good," said Mr. Hilliker. "That warms me up so I've got to peel off," and the remainder of the evening he entertained his guests in his shirt-sleeves. But as most of the men wore their hats all the time, except when eating supper, he committed no breach of etiquette, I concluded.

Then they wanted me to sing. I sang. But I didn't sing anything that seemed to suit them, until, at Mrs. Brown's request, I gave them that exquisite little gem, "Put Me in My Little Bed." That "touched the right spot," Hilliker declared. "It did so."

"Can't you sing 'Barb'ry Allen?'" asked an old lady. "I allus liked that piece. I've cried over it, time an' ag'in."

I couldn't, but the audience insisted that she should, and, at last, in a very cracked and wheezy tone, she gratified them.

"That *is* purty," said Mrs. Hilliker. "I'm goin' to send Jane Ann over to l'arn it some time, Miss Bowen."

"I declare her voice sounded jest like that orgin, when you pull out that 'ere door-nub concern," said Thompson, indicating the tremulant stop, which was the only one the organ happened to have. "It wabbled jest so, didn't it, now?"

"Play somethin' more," suggested Brown. "Play somethin' lively."

I played "somethin' more," and "somethin' lively." The "Devil's Dream," and "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "White Cockade," and "Soldier's Joy"—everything I could think of.

"I say, you Jane Ann," spoke up that young lady's mother, "you come here an' see how he makes his han's go. Mebbe you can l'arn somethin' that'll help ye."

But Jane Ann wouldn't obey, being "the bashfulest girl," her mother declared, "that she ever *did* see."

"An' the humbliest," said Thompson, *sotto voce*. I knew the reason why he said it. Miss Hilliker had given him the "mitten" a short time before. But I couldn't help agreeing with him. Jane Ann had red hair, freckles, a turn-up nose, and an extensive mouth, and no eyes to speak of. But I wasn't greatly surprised to hear, six months later, that she was "engaged to Thompson."

By and by we had supper. The *menu* wasn't exactly after the style city people are accustomed to see; but, like country people, and especially those we meet in the "settlements," it was "hearty."

When supper was over more music was called for. I could remember nothing that I thought would interest them. But they would take no refusal, and the "Devil's Dream," "Zip Coon" and "Arkansaw Traveler" enjoyed another season of popularity.

"I declare, that can't be beat," said Hilliker. "I swan, I'd like to cut her down. Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la," and the host drew an imaginary bow across an imaginary violin, and gave utterance to the dulcet melody of the "Trav'ler" in a bass that was remarkable for profundity.

Then they sang some church music by way of variety. They rendered "Come thou fount" and "Holy Spirit," and wound up with "Am I a soldier of the Cross," after which "Fisher's Hornpipe" was called for, and I am happy to say that I played that standard and difficult piece in such a way that it "brought the house down" and "knocked the socks off'n the 'Arkansaw Trav'ler,'" Hilliker declared.

Then, it being midnight, we went home. I have been known in that section, ever since, as the "chap that played them pieces up to Hilliker's, the 22d."

SHIOCTON, WIS.

LONGEVITY.

SOME RARE INSTANCES.

An English writer who has amused himself with some researches in an old work on "Health and Longevity" mentions the following remarkable cases of long life: The first was named "Isobel Walker, who lived in the parish of Daviot, Aberdeenshire, and died 2d November, 1774, aged 112 years." The period of her birth was established beyond doubt by the records of the parish of Rayne, in Garioch, where she was born. Nothing remarkable is known regarding her mode of life, excepting that she is said to have had "a placid temper, and to have been in that medium state in regard to leanness and corpulence which is favorable to long life." She is represented as a plump-faced, cheerful woman, with no perceptible neck, and with an intelligent expression of countenance.

The next individual was "Peter Garden, who lived in Aberdeenshire, in the parish of Auchterless, and who died on the 12th of January, 1775, aged 131 years." He was above the average height; led a temperate and frugal life; was employed in agricultural pursuits to the last, and preserved his looks so well that he appeared to be a fresher and younger man than his son, who was far advanced in life." There have, the record goes on to say, "been several older people in Scotland than either Isobel Walker or Peter Garden. Among these was John Taylor, a miner at Leadhills, who worked at that employment till he was 112! He did not marry till he was 60, after which there were nine children born to him. He saw to the last without spectacles, had excellent teeth, and enjoyed his existence till 1770, when he yielded to fate, at the age of 132."

The fourth venerable and antique person mentioned is "Catherine, Countess of Desmond, who died at the age of 140 years, in the reign of King James I. She was the daughter of the Fitzgeralds, of Dromana, in the county of Waterford, and, in the reign of Edward IV., married James, fourteenth Earl of Desmond." She was in England in that reign, and danced at court with Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It appears that she retained her vigor to an advanced period of life, and the ruin of the house of Desmond obliged her to take a journey from Bristol to London, to solicit relief from the court, when she was nearly 140. She twice or thrice renewed her teeth, and is represented with a heavy and voluminous head-dress, and a most stern and masculine cast of features.

REINDEER are to be employed in Manitoba as draught animals.

HEALTH.

BY HARRIET E. S. CRESSY.

After a severe illness I generally feel like writing a treatise on health, and the importance of preserving it, for then, if ever, I realize that it is the greatest of earthly blessings. At present I am in just the condition to think that a man in vigorous health, and with only 3 cents to his name, is happier than a millionaire with gouty limbs and a disordered liver. The barefooted, ragged urchin, whose fare is of the coarsest kind and often insufficient to satisfy his appetite, is to be envied for his freedom from the ills to which the pampered, richly-fed boy is heir, and, if either meets with success in life, there are three chances for the former to one for the latter.

I frequently notice with pain the utter thoughtlessness of even intelligent, doting parents in regard to the physical training of their children. They enter the school-room to see their frail daughter bending over her desk, the right shoulder uplifted, and the spine assuming the shape of the letter J. They see the cheek flush, and then pale; the head droop occasionally over the open book; the gasp now and then for breath, the effects of the ill-ventilated, over-heated room; still they manifest no alarm. And, when at night the child comes home from school, peevish, listless and with an aching head, feeling it almost impossible to learn her lesson for the next morning's recitation, the fond, proud mother quietly pats her darling's head, and urges her to study with all her might, for it would be such an everlasting disgrace to fall behind her class.

The child looks at the cat, gayly purring as it bushes past her, and then at Curly, the lap-dog, frolicking across the carpet, and wishes she were as free and happy as they. But, like an obedient child, she takes her book and studies till bedtime, then retires to the close bedroom to dream of Indians and panthers till morning. In her broken slumbers she utters the most fearful screams, which call her mother to her bedside to assure her little one that nothing in the world shall hurt her, for naught on earth is half so dear to her as her own little girl. Ah, mistaken mother! your child is being murdered before your eyes, still you are blind to the fact. Three hours a day with her books, instead of six or eight, are sufficient for so frail a child. Better that she should fall behind in her class than fall into the grave. Others with stronger physique may pursue the course marked out for her without serious damage to their health. But it sometimes happens that the intellect of the strongest child is dwarfed by too severe application to study, while, at the same time, the constitution becomes more or less shattered. It is well to give children all the learning they can bear, but very unwise to crowd their brains with knowledge that will be of no practical use to them.

A strong, robust body, with comparatively little book knowledge, is better than great learning with a diseased physique. With proper management on the part of parents and teachers, a child may be educated with no disastrous results. But they should remember that children are not all to be treated alike, but each according to the constitution he or she inherits.

The saying that a person cannot appreciate his health until he is deprived of it is a true one, but, if physiology was made the most important study in our schools, children would grow up with a deeper sense of the importance of preserving health than they do under the present system. But, so long as parents take so little pains to instruct their children on the subject, no great reform need be expected. We hope the time will come, however, when all will become wiser and stronger instead of "wiser and weaker." May parents reflect upon this matter, and see that their children grow up strong and healthy.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CONSUMPTION OF HORSEFLESH.

Strange as it may seem, horseflesh eating, far from declining, has so increased in Paris that last year 10,169 horses, asses, and mules were cut up for food. In the capital there are upward of sixty horsemeat shops, beside many in provincial French cities. A comparison of the 10,169 equine animals eaten in 1877, with the 2,192 of 1867, illustrates the steady progress of hippophagy. St. Hilaire and his friends would no longer have to give their horseflesh banquets for the sake of introducing this food; many people now are glad enough to eat it.

"HANDY TO KEEP GOWNS IN."

A poor old woman having been removed to the alms-house was very importunate to have an article of household furniture she had left behind. Her unceasing request was at length complied with, and men were dispatched to transfer her household property to her new abode. Imagine their surprise on arriving at her former residence, when they found nothing but a *coffin*, which, however, they brought to the old woman, much to her joy and satisfaction, who pleasantly observed she found it very handy *to keep her gowns in*.

MATCHES.

AND THEIR HISTORY.

The earliest mode of providing fire artificially seems to have been the rubbing of two pieces of wood specially prepared. This is in use yet in Borneo, Java and parts of South America. Pliny describes, in his time, which were the best kinds of wood for the purpose. A modification of the same principle was the percussion process of striking flint against steel, which the Greek writers tell of, and that is, to some extent, in practice still. For many hundred years the flint and steel continued the mode of making fires, aided, in some instances, by matches dipped in sulphur, which were not themselves capable of fusing except by the spark.

Phosphorus was discovered in 1669, according to our knowledge, but it may have been independently discovered long before. At first it was only esteemed a chemical curiosity on account of its luminosity in the dark, and it was not until 1680 that it was first offered for sale in any large quantity. Its manufacture was secret, and its price was 300 times what it is at present. Even through the eighteenth and to the beginning of the present century unavailing attempts were made to produce a successful portable match. In 1805 a French chemist made a match tipped with chloride of potassium, sulphur and gum, which had to be plunged into a bottle of sulphuric acid before it would ignite. After some other developments, in 1816 phosphorus was used in place of the sulphur. In 1828 came the Promethean matches in England, which were fused by biting off the end of a small roll of paper containing the chemical elements. In 1832 followed the first friction match, which had to be drawn through two pieces of sand-paper and fused with a slight explosion. The head of this match burned entirely off and did not set fire to the wood.

In 1833 was invented the match that has since, with some slight changes, held its own, but, strange to say, it came into use simultaneously in Austria, Germany and England, and at least a dozen persons have laid claim to its discovery. The first objection to it was the violence with which it burned. In 1835 this violent combustion was lessened by the juice of a metallic oxide as an additional coating, and this again was replaced in 1840 by a coating of common saltpeter below the head of the match, so put on as to make the burning slower. Then came the little wax matches, now almost out of use, that were so long popular for use in sealing letters. About this time a great improvement in the mode of preparing the splints of wood was introduced, consisting of a solid block of steel, with perforated holes close together and sharpened at the edges, by which a block of wood was turned out in a minute in a shower of splints of the required length and thickness. In 1840 the second dipping of sulphur, extending below the head, was substituted by stearine and parafine. Those matches that seem to have nothing below the head are, in reality, dipped in stearine, which saturates the wood and causes it to be more inflammable.

In 1848 the discovery was made that phosphorus, when heated to a certain pitch, turned dark and crimson, and lost some of its inflammability, as well as its poisonous properties. The matches made of this substance, although doing away with the destruction of the health of the employes, did not prove as good as others, and have almost entirely gone out of use. In 1855 a Swedish manufacturer introduced the safety match, with the head made of chloride of potassium and sulphide of antimony, and the surface to strike it upon made of red phosphorus. The latest change is the match of American invention, which will only light when struck on a piece of rubber specially prepared.

THE FAIR SEX.

We talk of pretty women as if they of all others were the elect; as if woman's sole claim to admiration rested on the fine eyes or luxuriant hair. "Is she pretty?" is the first question asked concerning a new acquaintance, as though that embraced the whole subject. If a man likes a woman, in the lexicon of masculinity, it signifies a woman interesting from whatever cause. Who has not known women to be called pretty who could hardly boast of handsome features? Who has not been acquainted with those enjoying a wide reputation for prettiness who had any other than physical charms? She who has a distinctly graceful manner, or an elegant air, or a fine tact, or a talent for conversation, or quick sympathies, or cordial ways, or the art of listening well, albeit plain in the face and of ordinary figure, is frequently styled pretty, and the adjective is repeated until it is fastened upon, and is constantly associated with her. Merely pretty women do not rule society—never did and never will. When beauty is allied to pleasant manners or accomplishment, tact, quick wit, then indeed it is all powerful; otherwise, a really plain woman who has conspicuous graces of mind and manner will prove more than a match for her beautiful, insipid sisters.

THE TWELVE PURSES.

ANECDOTE OF EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

One night the Emperor Joseph II., of Germany, determined on visiting his guards, to ascertain their fidelity, and what dependence might be placed on their vigilance. Finding them all asleep, or at least in appearance, he returned to his chamber for some money which he had reserved for a different purpose, contained in as many purses as there were soldiers on duty—twelve in number. These he visited once more, and placed under the arm of each one of these purses, in every one of which were 100 pieces of gold.

One of the soldiers who was not asleep, although he feigned to be so, took particular notice of the Emperor, and, at his departure, examined the purse which had been put under his arm, and, finding that it contained 100 pieces of gold, supposed each of his companions had as much, of which he might take possession before they awoke. This he immediately put in practice by gently easing them of their valuable burdens.

The Emperor, who had no doubt that all the soldiers were asleep when he visited them, and that they must be overjoyed on awakening at discovering their good fortune, caused them to be called together early in the morning, and asked of them successively what they had dreamed the preceding night, and whether the success was answerable to the vision, imagining that each would say that he had found a purse under his arm with 100 pieces of gold. But not a word of the matter did he hear from the first eleven that he examined until he came to the twelfth, the watchful sentinel of the preceding night, who, making a profound bow to the King, said:

"Sir, I fancied at night that a person who very much resembled your Majesty, visited us one after another, and, finding us all asleep, returned to his chamber, but soon came back with a dozen purses, which he attached severally to the arm of each of us, and then withdrew. Afterward, sire, it was evident, unless my dream deceived me, that when that generous and venerable person had retired, I began to examine the contents of the purse under my own arm, and, finding in it a hundred pieces of gold, I supposed each of my companions had so many, when I was seized with a sudden zeal to put them all together, saying to myself that, for many cogent reasons which then occurred to me, it would be well to do so; and so I did, which pleased me exceedingly on awaking. This, sir, is the whole of my dream. I hope your Majesty approves of my devotion, which, I assure you, is very sincere and affectionate."

The Emperor, learning from his ingenious harangue, that the soldier was not one of those who slept, and that, notwithstanding he had feigned being in the same condition with his companions, he was the only one at his duty, permitted him alone to enjoy the reward, saying:

"Yes, I approve of your decision; the prize is yours alone, for you only were awake. As for the rest it is sufficient for them to know that each had a hundred pieces of gold, which he lost by being asleep. Hence they will learn that riches are not acquired by slumber, or if, by some lucky accident they fall to the share of the slothful, they take flight as suddenly and as unforeseen as they came."

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

No ceremony is more interesting than the one which binds a pair together as man and wife. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with a halo of happiness, appear together and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sanctity of their vows; to think of the endearing relation, and the important consequences which are to flow from it, as they walk side by side through life, participating in the same joys, the sharers of each other's sorrows; that the smiles which kindle to ecstacy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of the survivor; to consider all this, the epitome of the whole circle of human sympathies and interests, awakens the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart.

SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness withers the heart prematurely, and makes a young man old, while a kind and beneficent life keeps the heart young, and makes old age flourish like a palm tree. Generous age is deserted neither by God nor man. Its own kindred and coevals may grow few; but strangers perform the part of kindred, and youth delights to blend its morning beams with the rich sunset of a benevolent life.

Gratitude and affection smooth tottering steps, and lighten the infirmities of the merciful man. God and all good angels are with him. The fruits of his charity in part remain to refresh and nourish him till his change comes, while those not to be found on earth are garnered for him in heaven.

INA LILLIE EVANS, a 7-year-old school-girl, whose parents reside at Lancaster, Pa., died recently from swallowing a pin.

The Chicago Ledger.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

FRANCE, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Hungary, Russia and Switzerland have accepted invitations to the International Monetary Conference. Austria, Belgium, Germany and Great Britain have the subject under consideration.

BROOKLYN ladies are circulating an agreement for signatures that for five years they will not patronize A. T. Stewart's store, in consequence of the unseemly insinuations regarding the management and failure of the Women's Hotel, and expressing the hope that, in time, the managers thereof may better learn the characteristics of American women.

THE year 1878 is marked as the period of destructive cyclones. Those that have been circulated in the United States have been disastrous, but the one which occurred in April in China proves even worse than the telegrams reported at the time. Seven thousand bodies have been taken from the ruins and buried, and many yet remain. Besides, not less than 1,000 perished upon the water. The force of the wind was such that not only houses but stone walls of the heaviest character were leveled.

THE alarming rapidity with which short-sightedness is increasing among German students formed the subject of a recent debate in the German Parliament. From extended observations made in the Gymnasia it appears that the number of the short-sighted increases from 33 per cent. in the first year to 75 per cent. in the ninth or last year. The too-frequent custom in Germany of rousing lads to study during the evenings with insufficient light, in illventilated rooms, is undoubtedly the main cause of the wide-spread evil.

MISS EMMA BARTLETT, dealer in medals and bridles, died in New York recently. She commenced business with a capital of $1.70, and after managing of a manufactory giving employment to 100 hands. Some years ago she became over the counter during her years, and it is told of her that, during one visit to Chicago, she entered into a drinking bout with five men who called to provoke her, made them tipsy, and sold them $2,000 worth of bridles. Miss Bartlett never weighed more than eighty-four pounds, was in person what is beauty, but modest, acted and talked like a man. She shaved regularly three times a week.

MCCLELLAN, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is said to be the only witness who ever thoroughly discomfited burly Ben Butler. Mack was a witness on the impeachment trial of Johnson, and, knowing full well that Butler would bullyrag him or cross-examine, he prepared to meet him. His direct testimony in favor was about to close, when Mack, scratching in the pockets of his coat as if for a handkerchief, brought forth a large sponge which he carefully laid it upon the table in front of him. The spoon story was fresher then than it is now, and, considerably to Butler's ceived, Ben didn't fully sufficiently to warm Mack as thoroughly as he deserved.

AMBROSE BIERCE, son of the inventor, corpounder and elucidator of the "Syntaxe Rule" North-and-South, wants to accompany the Howgate expedition, so that there may be no turning back when it is found that the Esquimau theory will not carry the explorers quite so far as to the North pole. According to the Symmes theory, the explorer will find that, after he passes the 69th degree, the weather grows warmer, when he reaches the 81st degree he will find some open water; when the 93d degree is reached he will find open water and great quantities of wild animals and some waterfowl; when the 93d degree is reached, he will find the Open Polar sea, that is 2,000 miles in diameter, and, if he will go about that sea when the weather is warm and genial, he will find a country with large forests of timber, large rivers and rich land, and the home of more wild animals than can be found anywhere else in creation, and water-fowls in abundance.

A WOMAN was tossed by a bull in Pittsburgh. She had a baby in her arms, and, as she was thrown from a bridge by a hard surface to the hard surface she and the child were seriously injured. The owner of the bull was sued by the woman's husband for, damages, but there was no proof that there had been any pecuniary loss, and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant. Jesse Grey Swisshelm thus expresses her indignation: "If that woman, after her loss, had been sent to a hospital, we had her husband had been deprived of her company, or if she had been rendered unable to perform her usual service, even for a day, her owner might have recovered damages, but as his property was not materially injured, for his use, there could be no damages."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

MORRIS of the busy bees—"By industry we live."

THE difference between spring bitters and a hearse is that the bitters are for the liver while the hearse is for the spleen.

"GIVE us a song," the soldier cried,
The camp-fires round him glowing;
And a full song of love, and sorrow fired,
And lyrical from the bivouac-gleaming,
Rose to the night.

THEY send of grief and shit of fame—
Forget the nation's wail!
Each soldier washed, all fit to come
To attack a good square meal.

THE FAITH ASTONISHED.

The only equivalent in the Japanese language for the English word baptism or immersion is soaking. A ludicrous illustration of the application is this following from the Baptist translation of the Bible into Japanese, which greatly astonished the Japs: "In those days came John the soaker, preaching the soaking of repentance. Repent, and be soaked, every one of you."

HOURS OF THE PAST.

Hours that once were rich with pleasure,
Hopes that seemed life's only joy
Often, like some hidden treasure,
Consist of some sad story.

Things we once did mostly cherish,
Things we loved as life itself,
We now regard but to perish
As some base and worthless pelf.

DAVID, Iowa. J. A. LINDSEBEE.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.

Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flowers expand fully there need be no fear of rain for several hours, though it continue in that condition, no rain will disturb the summer day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is sure to be dull and cold; if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveler put on his great-coat.

REVENGED.

Ah, yes, we smash philosophy, and smokers turn
When life is glad, but at misfortune stern
Grow bowed, and with their headware shadow
hurt
Their burning heads, or cast the shivering dart,
Where then doth give the philosophic mind?
Where find the calm contentment of the heart?
The then, like trembling children closely pressed,
Ago the shadows of their life's tete-a-tete,
Pertinacious, Ph. MORRIS MURPHREE.

A RAT'S TENACITY.

There are many stories told of the great sagacity displayed by that cunning little animal the rat. A homeless holder frequently had cause to deplore the loss of sundry rolls of butter, and had arrived at the conclusion that it was the servants. However, the great found the true brawniness of the matter. One day, on going down into the cellar, he was came forth from a hole; he number one proceeded to the butter, lay down and turned himself up; rat number two rolled a piece of butter on the imprisoned rat's body, and full of number one in his mouth, and drew him to the hole.

SPORTSMAN.

WATERON, WM.

RICHMOND DISASTER.

THEN your eyes scattered and betoken
The mountain clouds of smoke and of gold,
Then the raging surging on waterside's wing,
And note the dark cluster of the blue
Then of course, as in time-piant graphic rolls,
Sweeping the space from northern to the southern
pole.

Hallos—shaped, rising, falling—crowd it comes,
Involving fire! Fish in the sacred hours!
And here! the loud, tremendous roar—
And there pour forth, in rueful frivolous pour,
And the forked and fiery lightning's wing
Waving, blazing sheets of, right forth flung,
Blasting the spangling bulk of clouds,
Then in crash swirl of a single breath
How terribly sublime the raging storm—
And unsurpassed! is man—a coupling worm!
Fear this (or fairy on the sublime storm arose)
Sailing upward from the earth with fearful throes,
The storm-king rode his chariot of fire
Through the burning skies and awful tone of ire—
The conquering rides with whirlwind speed,
And we hear the thunder of his voice pealing aloud—
Fear and power are there we view his awful tread;
And now, alas! without one moment's pause—
Then pour and scatter his fiery thunderbolts around,
Houses, men and cattle are shivering in and out,
Then shrieks of anguish and groans of deep
despair
Are heard on all around—strong men, and women
fear,
And distracted children prolong the awful wail:
While flying trucks and trailers, shrieks of every kind,
Are heard—wailed, and the roaring flames of fire
wind!
Woman's work! without a secret's power shown
Of the land.
With a sudden rush the victims doomed are dead!
In the twinkling of an eye the scene take wing
And speed above the storms of smoke—before them
flying
Their fate—
Their fate—their trembling spirit startle
Among the commons—the last of earth's com-
forts
Gone!
Gone—gone—without any possibility of saving,
Save the all-consuming one of "Jesus died for me to"
Then it is that the Lord is Light or ripe and of life,
Pressing along the train of labor and of strife;
Spreading from God—to's, weary, worn and spent,
Else soon they find repose—here endless rest is meant
Then it is that the Lord is Light or ripe and of life,
Falling at their pass—these ended with their life!

A. A. CHILDS.

RAYMOND, MS., June 28, 1878.

LETTER-WRITING.

To write a good, interesting and cultivated letter is more of an accomplishment than many are willing to acknowledge. While we see one good correspondent letter we find many that contain nothing of interest. In order to write an entertaining letter we must put our full thoughts in that direction and make our diction as plain and acceptable as possible. To carry on an interesting correspondence you must be prompt in answering; do not let any question go unanswered, if avoidable, or say joke or "wishy saying" go by unnoticed, for, if you do, your correspondent will soon learn that his letters are not fully acceptable and will soon grow dull and monotonous. Never write a short and poorly-composed letter, thinking a few excuses will fill the deficiency. No one likes to read a letter made up of many excuses, for they soon lose all interest in your letters, and therefore it is distasteful to them. Be careful how you deal in a few words, but talk explicitly. Avoid vulgar words, for they are distasteful rather than acceptable; and let foreign phrases because they are at your command, but use smaller words which will doubly fill their place. Try to improve each letter by carefully looking over your preceding one at the time of corresponding (this we should do if we do) so we can write a whole letter without a mistake. Do not write in a hurried or first unconcerned, we are apt to fall into that error of "making mistakes," which spoiling a correct composition. Remember many who can talk intelligently enough, but they are at a loss when they are required to put their thoughts on paper. For these deficiencies we would advocate the study and practice of letter-writing as a very necessary accomplishment. It is beneficial both mentally and physically.

D. H. H.

DARWIN, Miss.

THE TEST.

"Tell us how oft you, Innocency,
Pondered over the fate of love."
Softly I had strict away,
For my eyes were full of love.

Had been covered, by one I loved.
With the eyes I was enslaved.

Sitting in a grassy nook,
I espied a daisy fair,
And I plucked its leaves apart
To learn my answer.

He a separation told,
Also the flower I pulled;
Telling were answers true,
Fatal and every-dreaded.

To the destruction of the flower,
"Sweetheart, so yours and mine!"
Love a little, love too much,
He loves me passionately."

Five the times he read the word
Ere I knew my lover,
Then among the grass I sat discreet,
At my fair lover.

"Sweet, the daisy tells thee true,"
Low he whispered to me;
"I love a little, love too much,
I love thee passionately."

A little bird, low in the grass,
Her tender young was singing it
In dulcet tone, then soared above,
Through the wide world.

NORTH HERO, VT. MARIE L. LEES.

HISTORICAL.

THE NEW YORK CITY Tabernacle was first opened to the public on July 24, 1857. It was destroyed by fire on October 15, 1858.

THE first Protestant Bishop in the United States was Samuel Seabury, D.D., consecrated in 1784. The first Catholic Bishop was Dr. Carroll, of Maryland, consecrated in 1790.

FAUST (pronounced Fowst) was the name of a celebrated mediæval musician and magician of the black art; his famous book, containing the secrets which cost him his soul, is still preserved in one of the libraries of Germany. The story of the legend is based, to some extent, Gothe's fine play, and the opera.

THE Synods of Arles, at Rome, acquired for its erection 176 years, and to complete the structure an addition of 124 years was added. The cost was $10,000 gold, and to keep it in repair requires an annual expenditure of $20,000. Of all the vast number of buildings in the world, the Coliseum is conceived by the statement that it covers eight acres of ground.

THE invention of bells is attributed to Polonius, Bishop of Nola, Campania, about the year 400. They were first introduced into the churches as a defiance against thunder and lightning. They were first put up in Italy, and those in Lincolnshire, England, in 960. In the eleventh century, and later, it was the custom to baptize bells and name them before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1068. It was rung at 8 o'clock, when the people were obliged to put out their fires and lights. Bells were introduced into Ireland in 1110. Bellmen were appointed in London in 1586 to ring the bells at night, and, say one, "to cry with a loud voice and candle; be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead."

THE first clock of the ballast was suggested by a Jesuit priest, Francis Lana, in 1670; but the actual invention of ballast and balance—wheel and verge—is due to Stephen and Joseph de Montgolfier, paper manufacturers, at Annonay, near Lyons, France. The first public experiment was made by them June 5, 1783, in the presence of 300 spectators, pounds, and containing 25,000 cubic feet (French measure), was sent up, and, rising to an elevation of nearly a mile, described a horizontal line of 7,200 feet and gradually sank. The first successful voyage was accomplished on Nov. 21 of the same year, when M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes ascended in a Montgolfier balloon from the Chateau de la Muette, near Paris, gained an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet and after catching fire, which was easily extinguished by the hospital voyagers, descended safely, after a journey of six miles, which was performed in from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

THE FRIENDS OF '49.

The Story of Their Last Evening Together

BY DAVID BAR.

Alone; hidden by the luxuriance growth of willow and alder that fringed the banks of a rapid mountain stream in Northern Montana was a log house. The dilapidated roof, green with grasses, evinced that it was not of recent construction. Its walls, once white, were partially creeping from the ridge stone chimney affirmed that it was at least still capable of habitation. From the door on the southern exposure a path led, through the brush, to the parling green system spoken of, its crystal waters, bearing with that most delicious of all fish, the "speckled trout," afforded a veritable paradise for the angler, and the most primitive tackle could have been obtained in a short space of time, an abundance of that most delightful recreation. Stretching back on its south and west sides, through a grassy, waving undulations, not itself in the forests that grew to the snow-line of the mountains, whose peaks were covered in solemn, stately grandeur over the little valley nestling at their feet. With the exception of a very occasional fit, its present occupants were of that nondescript class, the pioneers of advanced civilization—the prospector, the miner, and scattered here and there, with the proverbial carelessness of the mountaineer, was the usual promiscuous debris of miner's cut-in.

Seated on a fallen tree, immediately in front of the door, busily engaged in cleaning his rifle, was a man probably 50 years of age. His weather-beaten face was covered with a grayish beard and, and the dark-brown hair that escaped from under the low of his broad sombrero was literally besprinkled with gray. His face, rugged and marked with the signs of many hardships, had in such a life, was frank and open. His keen, gray eyes would ever and anon glance from the work in hand to the mountains, expectant look. Curled at his feet lay a large Newfoundland dog. Humming some old familiar tune in a fair representative of that class now rapidly passing away—the mountaineer. Placing his rifle at last against his log, he reached down, and, gathering the head of the dog between his knees, raised him up, and, drawing him beside him, said:

"Rand, old man, Pard is wuss. I'm afeard he's agoine to pass in. He's jes' sayin' in that satisfied like, 'thout pa'ticular pain. I'm goin' to miss him, you know you've been to me. I've had a right hard, rough time of it, and medicine that I bought in Helena for the cramps, on the sack is all. The whisky I got from Jake Hoffman, at Virginia City, on yours like he haven't keer for bacon and bread no more. I must git some fresh meat. I'll send a letter to antelope on the flat above yesterday. He ain't much account, but I'm within away. You hain't been with him as long as me, but he's been a better mate to me than I keer to you. I'll be back soon meat, though I'm almost afeared, kase of he shed die and me gone I'd go plum crazy. I'm sorry, now, we left Downsville, Kalifornny, twenty-odd years ago, biu away a day from him, as I'll not take my chance of a hundred now time flies. Seems as if it was only yesterday that we met in Hanks' saloon, in Downsville, and Pard and Rand got together. He and I was a pilgrim, en he was a Mexican. I mind how quick then we has been pards through thick and thin; her been to Washoe, Carbon, Idaho, Montana, and nary once ever has ther was a stampede, an' goat allus good ground. En Jack, like dem fools, we has been to Californy, and nary once has here we is, so far from anybody Kris-kotter Kolumbus could find us. If I'm left alone, I'll not stay here, I'll sell en the rise above, I got fair prospects en the creek below. I'll bet anyhow I'll make a little fower dows. I'll bet anyhow we'd whipsaw a box or two en work out the color we have here is jes' fine. If I do did now, en that's sartin, for I feel that he's a dying." And yanking the dog away from him he threw down his rifle in his hands, and while the tears trickled through his fingers he rocked and, as he did so, sobbed aloud, "a dying, Jack, a dying—a dying—dying."

"Bill! Bill!" a weak voice called from the cabin, causing the miner to dash the tears away with the sleeve of his coat and with a start he arose, and, grimed with soot and smoke, was festooned with spider-webs. On its large, open fireplace, with its stone back, together threw a fitful gleam of light over surroundings. A three-legged stool and table of shakes constituted the only furniture, and leaning against the wall were the prospecting pan and spiders, the camper's inexpensive companions. On a bed of willows, over which a few robes had been thrown, lay the wasted and emaciated form of a man probably 49 years of age. His suit of buckskin was worn, and, from its tattered appearance had seen much service. The grizzled hair and unkempt beard were sufficiently suggestive of the old timer; and his wrinkled face, distorted with pain now, told plainly that his lines had not always been cast in pleasant places. Turning his head, his brown eyes glistened with joy, for standing over him was his companion. Reaching out his long hand, he grasped his partner's in a warm, loving clasp, and with the other to his rifle that leaned against the wall, he said: "Bill, bury the gun with me, en my antics, too, pard. They they is on my antics, too, pard. They they is on my antics, too, pard. They they is on

MY MOTHER.

BY ANONYMOUS.

Sleep through the hours of lonely years,
O light and shade, and time unsure.
I mem ry hear!

My mother's voice, soft, sweet and low—
An angel's whisper, I will hear
Till sickness dear!

Oh, where, of the sinking-bird wings
His innermost flight, and only sings
A plaintive song,

Then memory wears her magic wand,
And wakens me to childish land.
I hear once more

Again I smell my mother's knee,
Again her sacred feet I see,
As in a dream.

Then asks my heart, with voice of tears,
Why I am here, and where
Is that dear beloved.

O! mother, from that ethereal shore,
Can winging light where'er you roam,
Come then to me.

If for only a little space,
Then I will wait, with face to face;
The moments are

As once I saw, thy tender eyes,
That know my pain in Paradise,
Love never dies!

I watch for thee, O! mother, dear,
The while I linger here;
My heart is sad and drear.

O! mother, from that ethereal shore,
Can winging light where'er you roam,
Come then to me.

Sleep through the hours of lonely years,
O light and shade, and time unsure.
I memory hear!

Sleep on, sleep on, dear mother, sleep,
Until the night-bird's song
Is changed to day.

Sleep and sleep through lonely years,
I watch and wait these heavenly years,
Forever more.

Trusting, I'll wait while life lasts here,
Till in that grand, immortal sphere,
We meet across

We watch, and on the living breast
My weary head shall rest at last
In perfect peace.

THE Blacksmith's Daughter.

CHARLES H. WETMORE.

Sugartongs was a blacksmith. You would have thought so at once had you seen the bunch of muscles nestled in the front above the broad clear of his stalwart right arm. To see him rain Thanic blows on that iron that lay so passively on the anvil would almost call out a cry for mercy for the dumb metal out of sheer sympathy for a ring-bolt, a horse-shoe, or a spike for a reaping-machine. He unsparingly each stroke helped to shape and fashion the lurid metal. He tossed off horseshoes by the dozen as if they were hot cakes. The hammer that you could hardly lift he handled like a needle, and it sang in the air on the down strike, and rang thrilling on the anvil when it struck home. Almost provokingly taunting and indifferent at times it seems; you wanted it to show some sort of deference for the muscle-arm that drove it; but it didn't. How Sugartongs stood the boilers when he got a little "on" He left them wind-blown, and for quite a while they puffed and groaned like a badwinded way, like an old lady on a third flight of stairs. How Sugartongs seemed to abuse everything in his smithery, like a giant in a toy shop. He swung the full weight of iron to him! But he really loved the metal, although he put it to hard uses. He was a friend to it when slung a bar of iron as fondly as a girl would run her eye along a yard of ribbon; it was lovely in his eyes, and caressing in his hand, in the long stroking way. He shaped it to his liking as deftly as if he were fashioning a bar of soap. How he ran iron in a cold state is typical of firmness, resistance—unbending firmness—like stubborn and obdurate, to us, is cold iron; so Sugartongs, with his hands, he wasn't unlike clay in the skilled hands of a potter. Sugartongs took the iron in his hammer sway, and the din, din, din of his smithery. There was the ring of music that came more kindly to his ears. His daughter elared a softened echo of the country piano, after the dishes were washed for the last time in the day. Next to Sugartongs, after the melody of his shop, that summer evening, was Mary Ann's trilling; it lacked the vigor, tone, and honest ring of an anvil. Good gracious! you could not compare the two. But the blacksmith's anvil was so much finer; so much more positive and emphatic. The smith's face was always very much sunburned. Almost, indeed, purple about the brow. His hands, thick and heavy, were almost always covered with a thick coal-dust deposit, and he had a way of besmirching his face when he wished to wipe the perspiration that was dripping from his hard-looking forehead. It was something so much with the coarse, hard, grim, metal that had given Sugartongs that unsympathizing-looking countenance? But his smithy was white and immaculate. He shaved once a week, on Sunday morning; no, not on Friday or a Saturday. Sugartongs' face was very grimly, and most decidedly swinished and illegible looking. But he didn't own any man money, nor ill feeling—he hadn't an enemy in the world, now he had—not a clean one for all his rather foul person. He wore so long neither a beard nor a hair on his back, reaching from his besmirched chin to his besmirched waistband. At present, when time had forged the last link that bound him to earth, and put on his life's fire, to be buried with that apron on; at the last time in which I shall speak a good word for him, and show by his burns and scars—many of which he hadn't lain in a clean, safe, white napkin all his life. He had a distaste for anything that didn't savor somewhat of labor; he liked work for work's sake, play. But his smithery was what he called his play shop.

Sugartongs had what you and I would call some very disagreeable habits. He drank out of a pail when he was thirsty; like a horse; but how graceful a horse drink was, and how unlike Sugartongs! He sometimes ate his dinner without an ablution if a customer were in a hurry, and four hoofs were swalling iron shoes; then, the many times in the course of a day's perity was likely to begin, he didn't carry a handkerchief; and he smoked a smutty, small clay pipe with a broken stem. He had been known to say his prayers with that dirty little pipe clinched between his teeth. He was a prayed honest-like, for all. How old was he? Fifty. But then what were fifty years to him! He felt as hearty, vigorous, and boisterous as if he were but thirty, and sang at his work, or whistled an accompaniment to his anvil, as happy as a contented plow-boy early afield of an April morning, ere the day is a burden and effort has laid a lash across his back. Ask, how young is he? and I will answer, for ugliness, jump, and general go-ahead, twenty-five, and sound as tested gold. Who can hurry by a village smithery? What a dirty, smoky, sooty, smutty, altogether out-of-order kind of place a blacksmith's shop is. How is anything ever found in it? Hammers in everywhere. At times, the eyes and mind's eye sure only of the anvil and the bellows. Horse-shoes in heaps and scattered—very worn-out horse-shoes. Sometimes you find a rusty iron shoe in the pail from which the smith drinks; but iron shining. Was a smithery ever put in order? Isn't it handed down to the third and fourth generations in a condition bordering on unutterable confusion? Has ever been seen a new, clean, well-regulated blacksmith's shop? Is it not worth a passing thought as to when, in what dark age, the village smithery first knew open clean, high, wide doors, and a new hammer and a new anvil first smote the peace of a summer morning? We must except the theory in lieu of the fact, that blacksmith's shops were never new, never clean, never other than just such places as we find them to-day, in city and country—these white-haired, honest hard labor, in a soiled ledger the year round, and industry seals out her ringing voice to the man born to apply her and hopeful and cheerful she is, and there is rapture in her tones.

Sugartongs has an order for a hundred horse-shoes. Now, how long is coming back? Ninety-nine now ones lie about the soiled floor, several in a state of white passion known to iron in a cooling state. The smith has commenced work when a dinner-horn sounds, and now blasts from half a score of tin horns come from surrounding homesteads. Dropping the one hundred shoe into a tub of hissing water, the artisan, leaving doors and windows open, crosses a dusty bit of road, and enters a clean, white house. He washes himself in the kitchen sink, and without any cleansing of his person, he commences a meal with coarse beef and cabbage. But it is a busy day anyhow, and no time for ceremony.

It was Sugartongs' daughter that blew the bellows and kept the fire burning and smoking. He has but, this daughter. She was but left him; she was to be long, far-off home some years ago. She was the village smithery first, then, growing—quite unlike Sugartongs himself—and was too imaginative a lass for prosper whose name is Death. So he gardener and took her to Australia—or rather an unripe shed. How do you like Sugartongs' daughter? Is she pretty? Verdict? But she is just Fanny Sugartongs, and that is all. "Is she pretty, like her sex?" Fanny." She is eighteen, a very cheerful, happy little soul, five feet four inches in her shoes, and her face—well, she is a busy one—attends to the sunshining and repairing of day in the year and tear, and makes very glad and full of joy the heart of her father, Sugartongs. Fanny's face is a dear picture, framed by brown locks; her eyes are wide-open looking, large, hazel in color, very merry indeed by all the tones they can bring saying: We are having a very good time, and you, my boy, how is your heart and delicately fashioned; her lips red and full, and mischief lies in wait in the dimples by their corners to air herself when Oscar Wirth is playing sad with a mouth. Fanny is pretty, but not by any means handsome. Her cheek bones are high, and one wishes he might push them down a little and give the face a better show. For years things have been very quiet in the house of the blacksmith and his daughter, except when Fanny has a little company to tea, and then it is now a little woman, and the smith can hardly believe that he has lost sight of in carelessness and stress of a little below her knee. But Time knew that he was robbing the cradle of Fanny.

The smith has a hearty meal of beef, cabbage, potatoes, cheese, and bread for dessert, he has a huge slice of a New York apple pie, and he is ready for work after which he kisses his dear little daughter, leaving a smirch of black on each cheek in contrast with the red of her young, glowing cheeks, and he resumes his shop for the last time. Who would have thought that Sugartongs could die? Fed of his arm; fed of him every, and day for the last twenty years all over with muscle. Why, he is iron! seasoned to the core, and tougher than granite. He couldn't decay. So death is in wait for him. He is waiting for the bloody butcher did the steer; so greedy for a victim! Without, a new moon smiles, sneaks up to him, and within an hour after the smith had eaten his dinner-meal his arm across the head with iron bar; a sharp, cruel blow, and Sugartongs' daughter was left an orphan. How the light went out of Fanny's eyes! Poor little Fanny Sugartongs! Who'll help her now?

The light, wide, smutched doors of the dingy old smithery were closed, and a blackedged paper was tacked by one of the windows, saying that the smith had given up business, and that the tools might have been added that the smithy man had succumbed. For a neighbor than he had struck a blow for; they loved the man with the dark, heathen spawn, with its stains and burns and ashen hair—it was known as such—and Sugartongs was put out of sight on a raw, rainy Sunday morning; and the smithery was left to the little lassie—Fanny's father Sugartongs had rarely known a quieter day.

Poor little Fanny Sugartongs! Doesn't your heart ache for her? Perhaps you have never been quite alone in the world? Where are you, that you could not offer support? To God? But she was angry with Him; she thought that she had no friend. In the blindness of her grief she forgot the mercy that had spared her, that she was wanted to follow. She was afraid to live. What cowards we children! But it is pardonable for a lone girl to be cowardly.

Like many, Sugartongs hadn't thought that he would die quite yet awhile. Only five years from now! Fifty years are all! Death captured him by unfair means, as usual. For a rainy day Sugartongs had put aside but little. He had paid him for the things with the white porch, and for the unstitched upholstery, with his high, wide doors; he had left naught, we would say—a hundred or two in government bonds, and a heap of old iron. By the way, there were the anvils, and the hammers that Sugartongs' arms had tossed like mallets, a hundred new horse-shoes, and the discordant piano. Fanny hated the sight of the piano now, just as the smith, at once disliked the sound of it. The girl knew nothing about the value of her one the worth of an old-fashioned, tinkling, out-of-tune piano. It was a strument. But she resolved to sell all, and fly from the associations of her life. The grim look of the closed black shop became the real as we speak. Every Sunday the girl had stood in the parlor where she was now, and there stiffly seen—the big doors of the smithery were closed, and the implements of agriculture of sad gladdened the place, scattering and plying among the cool and heart. It handed down to the third and fourth generations in a condition bordering on unutterable confusion? Has ever been seen a new, clean, well-regulated blacksmith's shop? Is it not worth a passing thought as to when, in what dark age, the village smithery first knew open clean, high, wide doors, and a new hammer and a new anvil first smote the peace of a summer morning? We must except the theory in lieu of the fact, that blacksmith's shops were never new, never clean, never other than just such places as we find them to-day, in city and country—these white-haired, honest hard labor, in a soiled ledger the year round, and industry seals out her ringing voice to the man born to apply her and hopeful and cheerful she is, and there is rapture in her tones.

Sugartongs has an order for a hundred horse-shoes. Now, how long is coming back? Ninety-nine now ones lie about the soiled floor, several in a state of white passion known to iron in a cooling state. The smith has commenced work when a dinner-horn sounds, and now blasts from half a score of tin horns come from surrounding homesteads. Dropping the one hundred shoe into a tub of hissing water, the artisan, leaving doors and windows open, crosses a dusty bit of road, and enters a clean, white house. He washes himself in the kitchen sink, and without any cleansing of his person, he commences a meal with coarse beef and cabbage. But it is a busy day anyhow, and no time for ceremony.

It was Sugartongs' daughter that blew the bellows and kept the fire burning and smoking. He has but, this daughter. She was but left him; she was to be long, far-off home some years ago. She was the village smithery first, then, growing—quite unlike Sugartongs himself—and was too imaginative a lass for prosper whose name is Death. So he gardener and took her to Australia—or rather an unripe shed. How do you like Sugartongs' daughter? Is she pretty? Verdict? But she is just Fanny Sugartongs, and that is all. "Is she pretty, like her sex?" Fanny." She is eighteen, a very cheerful, happy little soul, five feet four inches in her shoes, and her face—well, she is a busy one—attends to the sunshining and repairing of day in the year and tear, and makes very glad and full of joy the heart of her father, Sugartongs. Fanny's face is a dear picture, framed by brown locks; her eyes are wide-open looking, large, hazel in color, very merry indeed by all the tones they can bring saying: We are having a very good time, and you, my boy, how is your heart and delicately fashioned; her lips red and full, and mischief lies in wait in the dimples by their corners to air herself when Oscar Wirth is playing sad with a mouth. Fanny is pretty, but not by any means handsome. Her cheek bones are high, and one wishes he might push them down a little and give the face a better show. For years things have been very quiet in the house of the blacksmith and his daughter, except when Fanny has a little company to tea, and then it is now a little woman, and the smith can hardly believe that he has lost sight of in carelessness and stress of a little below her knee. But Time knew that he was robbing the cradle of Fanny.

The smith has a hearty meal of beef, cabbage, potatoes, cheese, and bread for dessert, he has a huge slice of a New York apple pie, and he is ready for work after which he kisses his dear little daughter, leaving a smirch of black on each cheek in contrast with the red of her young, glowing cheeks, and he resumes his shop for the last time. Who would have thought that Sugartongs could die? Fed of his arm; fed of him every, and day for the last twenty years all over with muscle. Why, he is iron! seasoned to the core, and tougher than granite. He couldn't decay. So death is in wait for him. He is waiting for the bloody butcher did the steer; so greedy for a victim! Without, a new moon smiles, sneaks up to him, and within an hour after the smith had eaten his dinner-meal his arm across the head with iron bar; a sharp, cruel blow, and Sugartongs' daughter was left an orphan. How the light went out of Fanny's eyes! Poor little Fanny Sugartongs! Who'll help her now?

The light, wide, smutched doors of the dingy old smithery were closed, and a blackedged paper was tacked by one of the windows, saying that the smith had given up business, and that the tools might have been added that the smithy man had succumbed. For a neighbor than he had struck a blow for; they loved the man with the dark, heathen spawn, with its stains and burns and ashen hair—it was known as such—and Sugartongs was put out of sight on a raw, rainy Sunday morning; and the smithery was left to the little lassie—Fanny's father Sugartongs had rarely known a quieter day.

Poor little Fanny Sugartongs! Doesn't your heart ache for her? Perhaps you have never been quite alone in the world? Where are you, that you could not offer support? To God? But she was angry with Him; she thought that she had no friend. In the blindness of her grief she forgot the mercy that had spared her, that she was wanted to follow. She was afraid to live. What cowards we children! But it is pardonable for a lone girl to be cowardly.

Like many, Sugartongs hadn't thought that he would die quite yet awhile. Only five years from now! Fifty years are all! Death captured him by unfair means, as usual. For a rainy day Sugartongs had put aside but little. He had paid him for the things with the white porch, and for the unstitched upholstery, with his high, wide doors; he had left naught, we would say—a hundred or two in government bonds, and a heap of old iron. By the way, there were the anvils, and the hammers that Sugartongs' arms had tossed like mallets, a hundred new horse-shoes, and the discordant piano. Fanny hated the sight of the piano now, just as the smith, at once disliked the sound of it. The girl knew nothing about the value of one the worth of an old-fashioned, tinkling, out-of-tune piano. It was a strument. But she resolved to sell all, and fly from the associations of her life. The grim look of the closed black shop became the real as we speak. Every Sunday the girl had stood in the parlor where she was now, and there stiffly seen—the big doors of the smithery were closed, and the implements of agricultural

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

He and She.

NORA PERRY.

I'll be at the window as he goes by,
As he goes by—
He'll lift his head to look at the sky,
The western sky,
To see if the sun has set for fair—
And suddenly there
Against the sky in the golden air
He'll see a pair
Of familiar eyes; and I shall see
As he looks at me
A sudden smile and a nod maybe;
All this in three
Or perhaps in four swift moments—then,
Ah, then,
In another moment the world of men
For him, or, when
The street is turned, a different race
To take my place,
While I by my window here retrace
Each line of the face
Which smiled at me as it passes me by
With a glance of the eye
That swept me in with the western sky,
The sunset sky.
To-morrow I shall be at the window, when
He passes again;
He will smile and nod—and then, ah then—
The same old story over again!
—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Pleasant Words for Pleasant Women.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has earned a beautiful home and snug income. Queen Victoria does many gentle, womanly things. "I was never more delighted in my life," says Col. Henderson, "than at one of those charming actions of the queen in which her kindliness of nature and good sense were admirably exemplified. I had had the honor of showing her majesty over Parkhurst prison. Among the women there, several had had children born during their term of imprisonment. Two days later I received an enormous box of toys for the little prison-born children." It sounds like a fairy tale: "And so the king set out to be married in a rosewood coach, lined with embroidered satin and drawn by eight horses with trappings worked in gold; and the chariot of the princess was of ebony and gold, and lined with brocade satin; and she wore white satin, broidered with white roses." But it is all true of the young king and queen of Spain. May they carry out the fairy tale, and "live ever after." The Spanish ladies, all in white lace mantillas, must have been good to look at. Nothing is more becoming to brunettes than white lace, especially if it has become invested with the tint of age. Roses are admittedly the emblem of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon midsummer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany it is customary to throw rose leaves on a coal fire as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

Teasing.

A budding love affair is perhaps the most welcome of all for these sorry hunters of poor game; and in nothing do they work more mischief. Many a pleasant possibility has been nipped in the beginning by untimely teasing, and many a girl's potential happiness has been destroyed because some coarse-minded, pitiless joker must have his little fun, and tease the young fellow publicly before he has quite made up his mind. After the thing is not so bad. He would be but a poor-spirited creature to be laughed out of his intention, but while the thing is only sprouting, not yet fully growing, teasing is fatal—and for this cause all the better fun. Sport to the one, but not unfrequently death to the other, and the wanton destruction of infinite joy—all for the silly sake of teasing two young people who have let the world read between the lines, and show the joker and the teaser that "elective affinity" was no idle phrase so far as they were concerned.

Teasing goes on at home to often a lamentable extent, and more than one temper has been permanently soured by the process. The parents tease the children, and the children tease each other, till the passionate are made furious, the meek tearful, the humble craven, the insensitive callous, and the quiet morose. If one child has a certain ungainly habit—consequent, perhaps, on a physical defect—as the peering of short sight, or the limp of lameness, if it is absent or dreamy or clumsy, those who are given to the bad habit of teasing never let it alone. No callow cygnet was ever more cruelly pecked at by the full-fledged ducks than is the poor ugly duckling of the nursery; and unless that cruel play is stopped by the authorities, the mischief of a life is wrought. Nothing, indeed, in a house, demands more careful overlooking and more vigorous and judicious suppressing than this habit of teasing indulged in by the members of a family, one with the other; for the sport of the one is here again emphatically death to the other; and, when you have broken the finer nature that lies in every soul how will you mend it?—*London Queen.*

Woman's Conscientiousness.

The Haverhill (Mass.) *Gazette* has a correspondent who tells the following story: "Perhaps the reader has noticed, while journeying upon the Boston and Lowell railroad, at Willow Bridge, Somerville, a plain but substantial neat brick house upon the hill, only a moment's walk from the station. Its doors have not been opened for twelve years. Twelve years ago one of the brightest and smartest mechanics to be found in our bustling city—young, handsome, whose only apparent fortune was his daily wages, of which he was very careful, saving all he could for the one bright object of his life, which was to marry her whom he had won; as soon as they could get money enough to commence housekeeping. She was conscientious to a fault, brought up in the most puritanical of puritan families, good, pure and beautiful. One bright morning in spring he invited her to take a drive in the suburbs. They halted after about an hour's drive in front of this house. He asked her how she liked it. Of course she wished it was theirs; they could be so happy if they only had a home like that. He invited her in. The house was just completed and very nicely furnished. Judge of her surprise when he quietly informed her that he owned it. Why, she was completely dumbfounded, and, of course, wanted an explanation. How, when did he come in possession of so much property? He tried to avoid the question, but she was firm. He finally told her that he drew $30,000 in some lottery scheme, and with the funds built and furnished this house for her. She turned upon him as though he was the veriest gambler, vowing then and there that she would never be his wife until he gave back the property which he had gained by what she termed unlawful means. She scorned all efforts of his to occupy the house. They separated; parted at the door, which has not been opened since. The furniture remains the same to-day as when they left it twelve years ago, except what age has done. Both are wanderers upon the face of the earth, both lives blasted."

A Bit of English Romance.

Once upon a time, many years ago, there was an Indian prince who visited these shores in search of adventures. Among others he made the acquaintance of an English lady, to whom he became devoted. At last he was forced to leave for his native land, and on parting—like other princes in fairy stories—gave his "lady friend" a ring, saying, "Whatever the bearer of this bids me do I will do." Years rolled on, and the ring lay unused in the lady's jewel box until the Indian mutiny broke out. And then—the aforesaid Indian potentate having joined the rebels—it became a matter of great moment to the English government of the day to recover his allegiance. Somehow the romantic story of the gift of the ring leaked out, and a cabinet minister (so runs this wonderful tale) set off in a great hurry from Downing street to seek our heroine's residence in—Grosvenor square, let us say. The ring was obtained, the promise was kept, and the English troops saved at a most critical juncture. Now, it is said, the lady by whose means this desirable conversation was brought about claims the new order of the crown of India as her reward.—

An Ingenious Mamma.

A lady of our acquaintance once lamented to us an ill-advised attachment on the part of her daughter, who had good expectations, and whose affections had been won by an adventurer. The mother had remonstrated against the folly of the engagement, and had flatly refused to allow the wedding to take place so long as the girl was under age. The young lady was obstinate by nature, and her tenacity was strengthened by opposition. She avowed her intention of waiting patiently till she was of age, and then of giving her hand to her *fiance*. A year's delay did not seem to have undermined her attachment, and in another six months she would be of age, and her own mistress. Under our advice the mother changed her cue and appeared to make the best of a bad business. Since Captain —— meant to be son-in-law she said she would do what she could to make things pleasant. She asked him to dinner, and appeared so have fully accepted the engagement. If by any chance the daughter danced a round dance with any but her *fiance* the mother shook her head. If she danced twice with any other gentleman, the mother would say affectionately, "My dear, do think Captain —— would like that? When I was engaged to your father I never thought of dancing more than once in an evening with any one else!" She kept an eye on all in-coming and out-going letters and would say, "My dear, you have not written to Captain —— for the last two days! When I was engaged to your father I used to write to him every day of the week." Or, "Captain —— wrote to you yesterday, my dear, and I perceive that you have not yet answered him; men do not like to be treated with neglect." The girl got irritable under this incessant spurring into her engagement; the mother followed up her advantage by offering her admonition audibly in the presence of other female friends of the daughter. This put the *coup de grace* to the engagement; the gilt all come off the gingerbread when opposition was changed to incitement. Two months before she came of age she wrote to Captain —— and told him that her feelings had changed toward him. The mother affected to be deeply scandalized: this settled the girl's determination, and the Captain never darkened the doors again.

Small Fashions.

At the most exclusive houses are shown the new fanciful parasols of ecru pongee or foulard striped around with gay colors to match those in the costume. There are also embroidered parasols for dress occasions and carriage use. These are white, cream, or pale tinted foulard or twilled silk bordered with hand needle-work in gay colors, red, blue, and moss green, finished with fly fringe in which all the gay colors appear. These have canopy tops and long floating ends of bright-colored ribbon; the sticks are of most unique design.

New cravat bows are long and slender, and are of embroidered or brocaded ribbon loops of very bright colors down one side, while the other half is of white lace, either Valenciennes or duchesse. Others are made clustered loops of doubled satin ribbon all of one color, or else in contrasts, such as pale blue with Jacqueminot red, or olive green with pink. China crape bows of pale tints are embroidered on rich dark colors. The fancy now is to wear a great deal of white lace or lawn at the throat, and the long jabots, fichus, and round collars often form the only trimming for handsome corsages. Silver braid is also used to trim China crape bows.

Silk and thread stockings are chosen to match the dresses with which they are to be worn. Black silk stockings have come into vogue again, and are ornamented across the instep with bars of pink embroidery or with dots of cream-color, or else they are wrought up the side with garnet or pale blue. Another fancy is that of having the leg of one color and the foot of another. Pale blue and red are combined in this way, or lavender with cream color or with brown. Fine thread stockings have bars of blue on white, or else colored stripes on the insteps.

Buttons of real tortoise shell are shown for rich costumes. Some of these are inlaid with colored pearl to represent flowers and leaves, and others have gold or silver birds or bees, and cost often $4 for a single button.

Alsatian bows of watered ribbon trim the newest breakfast caps of white organdy or of gauze. A tiny bunch of flowers—violets, daisies, rosebuds, or else foliage—is sometimes set in with the bow, and a fringe of foliage falls over the back hair. Embroidery in colored silk edges dressy gauze caps, and sometimes seed-pearls are used.

Head-dresses in flowers are in tiny pointed hut shape, to be placed on top of the head, with fringes to droop from the center.

Modistes who make a specialty of white goods, lingerie, etc., import white dresses for the morning and summer afternoons in most beautiful designs. For the morning are white lawn dresses with deep pleating in the skirt, while a drapery arranged in simple yet most graceful fashion forms an overskirt that is easily laundried. This consists of a sort of scarf front put on straight across in easy folds, and trimmed on the top and bottom with wide embroidery. The lower edge reaches about to the knees, and conceals the top of the pleating on the skirt; this stops on the sides, and the back has hanging drapery of two widths of lawn trimmed all around, and pleated on the tournure somewhat in fan shape to spread out on the skirt. The waist is a basque of graceful shape, with the front tucked in diagonal rows to represent a vest, and edged with embroidery. For the afternoon are more elaborately made dresses, with longer skirts and more ample drapery. Young ladies have rosettes of narrowly folded satin ribbon of five or six different colors to wear with white dresses. Ladies in mourning use bows of black or purple China crape.

The lingerie imported by these modistes consists of fichus and collaretts for low-throated dresses, and large collars and cuffs for high-necked dresses. Shirred lawn collars and cuffs are edged with Valenciennes thread, or else very fine torchon lace. Crepe lisse folds make beautiful fichus edged with point duchesse lace; some of these are in vest shape, some are square for Pompadour dresses, while others are three-cornered and crossed on the bosom.

The long slender scarf pin is now the fashionable brooch, and is the most important article of jewelry. It is sold separately, or else it forms part of a set with ear-rings, and perhaps sleeve-buttons to match. Something unique in design is sought for in these pins, and antique styles are most liked. Bars of pale yellow gold are ornamented with Etruscan work in fine twisted wire, or the word Roma, or else pendant vases. Indian, Turkish and Egyptian designs are ornamented with rams' horns, crescents, serpents, scarabie, or lotus leaves, and are richly enameled with dark red, blue and green. Japanese designs are more light and fanciful, showing open fans of gold in lace-like patterns tipped with turquoises.—*Harper's Bazar.*

This Summer's Eclipse of the Sun.

A pamphlet is just issued from the United States nautical almanac office at Washington, in which Professor Newcomb gives particulars for this country for the total solar eclipse to take place July 29. Maps are furnished for the line of totality, which extends over the western end of Montana, across the Yellowstone National Park, through Wyoming Territory, over Denver, Col., down through northern and eastern Texas, entering the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Galveston. It will then pass over most of Cuba and the southern portion of Santo Domingo, vanishing from earth shortly afterwards. The breadth of the totality shadow in this country will be aboout 116 miles. The partial eclipse will extend all over the United States, Mexico and British America. Instructions are given by which unskilled observers, possessed of a spy-glass and a watch, may make observations on this eclipse along the line of totality, that are likely to be of use if sent to Washington. It is mentioned incidentally that the present astronomical tables are so uncertain that there is difference of four miles in the path of the shadow as given respectively by the British and American nautical almanacs. The pamphlet includes a diagram of the place of important stars which may be seen near the sun during the moments of eclipse, and suggests that a sharp lookout should be then kept for intra-Mercurial planets. People who have faculty for rapid sketching are advised how to make drawings of the corona. All the suggestions of the pamplet are simple, and may be carried out without trouble by those who are favorably situated as to locality.

The Strangest Kind of a Watch.

The Reading (Pa.) *Eagle* says that V. Doriot, a Frenchman from Bristol, Tenn., now in Reading, has a great curiosity in the shape of a wooden watch, made by himself. It is of the ordinary size, but only weighs half an ounce. It is open-faced, and the dial plate is made of the horn of a buffalo killed on the Texas Pacific railroad by being run over by an engine. The outside is of mottled brown olive wood from Jerusalem, and all the works, except a few of the more important wheels, are of boxwood. The watch keeps excellent time. It was made last year by Mr. Doriot, who is a jeweler, and who carries it as a time-keeper. Even the stem and the bow are of wood. It is marked "No. 1." G. A. Schlechter, jeweler, Penn street, took the watch apart and found its construction perfect.

Cleopatra's Needle.

Cleopatra's Needle is to be towed down the Thames very soon and hoisted on a pedestal prepared for it at the Adelphi steps on the embankment. A cradle has been constructed to facilitate the landing, Dantzic timber, American oak, and pitch pine furnishing the material; and the ballast employed to sink it is composed of about 160 tons of chalk in the first instance, then about 80 tons of sand, on the top of which the ten tons taken from the Needle, and more than 80 tons of shingles will be added. It is intended to float the needle at high tide on the cradle, and its cylindrical form suggests the expedient of rolling it on the embankment. That accomplished, six hydraulic screw jacks of 100 tons power and two of 50 tons power will be brought into requisition to place the obelisk in an upright position.

THE potato bugs beat us last year. This year we have beaten them. We have planted no potatoes.

AN INDIAN POET-KING.

A Magnificent Tower for the Worship of the Unknown God.

City of Mexico Letter to San Francisco Bulletin.

I am going to tell you of a trip to the mountain of Texcosingo, famous in Aztec days as being the pleasure garden and retreat of the Indian poet-king, Nezahuacoyolt. From Texcoco the trip is wildly picturesque and grandly beautiful. The curiously constructed bath of Nezahuacoyolt is cut from a solid block of granite overhanging the brow of the hill. The block has a smooth surface several yards square, and dropping from its center is a circular basin some three or four feet deep and a dozen or more in circumference. Out of one side is cut a seat for the accommodation of the bather, while rising from the surface a little back is another having a perfect chair form, with a rest on one side of the arm. Protecting the outer side of this is a wall—a part of the same rock—into which seats have been cut, and various little niches in the form of miniature steps, which might have been used by the old Indian monarch as a receptacle for his toilet paraphernalia.

Following along the still well-preserved path, we came to a chamber cut into the side of the hills, now unroofed and in ruins, the floor being strewn with debris. At the end of this vaulted chamber was a raised platform a foot in height and several feet square, hewn from solid rock, and on either corner back of this, were niches chiseled out, with fragments of cement still still clinging to their sides. We have since learned that between these, above the platform, there still remained at the beginning of the present century a large calendar stone, which was later destroyed by the neighboring Indians in search of treasure. This curious work must have cost its builders a vast amount of labor.

Separating himself from the cares of his kingdom, Nezahuacoyolt came for retirement to his beautiful mountain, and here, four times every day for forty days, on bended knees, he offered prayer and incense to "the all-powerful God, hidden and unknown." It is said that in answer to these earnest appeals a vision appeared to one of his servants in attendance, directing him to go at once to his master with the comforting assurance that the unseen God had been pleased to accept his prayers and offerings, and would avenge him by the hands of his son, Axoquatzin, a boy of only 17 years. The king could not accept the supernatural vision, which was, however, fulfilled. Nezahuacoyolt, upon hearing of the fulfillment of what he had considered a false prophecy, retired in humiliation to the garden of his palace, and kneeling on the ground, gave thanks to the unknown God for his signal benefits, promising to build a temple to his house, to abstain from idolatrous worship and human sacrifices, and to alone acknowledge the supremacy of the unknown God. In compliance with his vow, he built a tower nine stories high, the interior of which he garnished with gold and precious stones, and the exterior he covered with black cement, embellished with stars. The workmanship was of the most expensive order. In this suberb tower were stationed men, whose duty it was, at certain hours of the day, to strike upon plates of fine metal, at the sound of which the monarch fell upon his knees in prayer.

A Shark Story.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream* thus writes about an adventure with a shark that ended with the disappointment of the fish and to the joy of the sailor:

"In February, 1823, I was on board of a vessel owned by members of my mother's family, which sailed from Messina, in Sicily, bound for St. Petersburg. The captain was far gone in consumption. He hoped he might live to be landed in the Island of Jersey, his native place, on our way up the channel. But he died a fortnight after leaving Messina, and we consigned his body to the deep between Cape de Gatta and Cape Palos, on the coast of Spain.

"For some days previous to his death, a large shark followed the vessel, and was daily seen by all hands; but strange to say, he did not put in an appearance on the day of the burial, though we were becalmed all the morning. Two days later, as we were nearing Gibraltar, with a light air from the eastward, I proposed to the new captain to give the white streak a touch of paint, to make the old craft look ship-shape. No sooner said than done.

"A ladder was slung over the side with a board on the rungs, forming a safe scaffold, and another young man and myself went to work. One side was finished, and we had only the port quarter to paint, when a man in the maintop shouted, in an excited tone:

'Alongside there! Halloo! Look out, the shark is close to you!'

"I turned round quick as thought, and, to my inexpressible horror, I beheld the huge monster, for he was twelve to fifteen feet in length, within six feet of us, evidently about to make his deadly spring.

"Shouting to my companion, I dropped a large paint brush overboard, and sprang up the rope which held the ladder, and gained the deck. As I write, I fancy I see the leering eyes of the monster in anticipation of a glorious feed. The stage was about two feet from the water.

"The man in the top said that the moment I dropped the brush the shark followed it. Sorry it did not hold a few ounces of arsenic or other deadly poison. We finished our job, nevertheless, the man in the top keeping watch, and the captain on the quarter with a loaded gun."

A New Dairy Assistant.

We have a story from Middletown, Conn., that eclipses the marvels of oleomargarine. The people of that place have accidently discovered how to utilize bull-frogs by converting them into churners of butter. The discovery was thus reached: A farmer in the neighborhood, having placed a pail of milk in a spring of water to cool over night, went there the next morning, and found, it is solemnly asserted, instead of the pail of milk, a large bull-frog sitting in contemplative mood upon a roll of fresh butter. The sole explanation is that the frog had jumped from the water into the pail, and, in trying to extricate himself, had, by diligent and continuous strokes of his long legs churned the milk into butter. Such a thing might happen in Connecticut, but no bull-frog, however energetic and trained, or however agricultural in instinct, could in any given time convert the aqueous kind of milk we get here into butter, or even into tolerable buttermilk.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mongolian Bandits.

From the Shanghai Celestial Empire.

In a former letter I mentioned the attack by a body of soldiers on a house containing five robbers, with the result of losing their officer and three men and a subsequent helter-skelter retreat. Another much larger force, it is said 300 men, was sent on and found the five increased to seven. This large increase of nearly 50 cent. damped the ardor of the 300, especially as each of the seven had a breech-loader, which they all could handle most dexterously. The horses of these robbers are splendidly trained, and themselves drilled with a discipline whose rigor would cause half the Chinese army to desert. When the robber is armed with a common rifle his horse gallops up within easy shot of the regulars; he fires, and the detonation is the sign for the horse to turn round and fly at his highest speed, without touch of bit or spur. He stands only when beyond shot of the regulars, and gallops as fast to the front again as soon as the piece is loaded. The rider, too, is one of the best. He can throw off one stirrup, draw his leg over the saddle, support himself with his knee on the saddle, and throw his body under his horse, where he can load his piece. Many Mongols can equal this. Indeed, almost all Mongols are first-rate riders. Another proof of the horsemanship of the robber is that a very ordinary horse under him is equal to a first-rate horse under an ordinary rider.

But our seven breech-loaders adopted neither of these tactics, but, trusting to their superior weapons, they galloped right into the braves, who were somewhat disconcerted at the ceaseless crack, crack, and thought it best to give the seven elbow room. The braves got back to Monkden some days ago, and reported the robbers fled. But long-legged and long-eared rumor was in before them and gave the version above detailed.

In autumn there are to be organized three corps of 2,500 men each, to be ready for certain emergencies which are meantime best to be left in the dark. The land known as Manchuria has often been the stage on which the fate of the Chinese empire was decided, and what has been may be. We may wish the new armies good speed; and some of the officers are men who will do their duty. These three corps are to be drilled and officered by men tried and under Li Hung-chang, not a Manchu soldier or officer. Is it fatality, or what is it, leads the present dynasty to put breech-loaders, rifles and Krupp guns in the hands of Chinese only, while the old bow and arrow is the only weapon exercised by the vast majority of the Manchu soldiery. They say the bow and arrow can defend the walls of a city! But the man who holds the field will soon have the keys of the city.

Yesterday a fine young man of 23, belonging to Chihli was beheaded outside the west gate. He was apprehended at the head of seven large carts on this side of the Fakoumun, next day examined, and the next day executed. He confessed at his trial to having committed robbery in this place, murder in another and rape in a third. Many charges were laid against him, all of which he frankly admitted. In the court his frank, bold manner affected even the "Fooyin" who examined. He was not beaten or in any way despised. And he not only manifested no repentance for the past, but said that he would have prosecuted the same kind of life for another twenty-three years had he not been apprehended.

The carters were seized as accomplices, which it is believed some of them at least were; but he frequently declared that he had compelled them to serve him under pain of death. They were therefore released. In the carts were forty shoes of silver; and "no one knows how many more," said my informant, a military officer familiarly acquainted with the open-handedness of the captured robbers. The rest of the pillage, on seven carts and five or six large mules each, was of fine sables, satins, etc., robbed over a course of years away to the north of us. But it is almost incredible the boldness of the young fellow who came right into the lion's den; and in the most foolish manner took the high road for Chihli.

Went to Sea in a Tub.

The following story of a Pennsylvania boy has a moral to it, and the tale which hangs thereby is, indeed, calculated to raise the price of wash-tubs. Isaac Johnson lives in the village of Port Penn, and his career, according to the local gossips, has been full of startling and wonderful events. When a boy of ten he stole a washtub, launched it upon the Delaware, got in it, floated down the river into the bay, and was picked up by a barque which carried him to Vera Cruz. Thence he made his way to the City of Mexico, where he was adopted by a rich merchant, Don Hidalgo Hernandez, given a liberal education and finally a partnership. Having become a partisan of Maximillian, he grew so odious to the people that he was obliged to fly to Texas. At the outset of our civil war he entered the Confederate army, serving as aid to Albert Sydney Johnson. After its cessation he returned north, went into the manufacture of shoes in Philadelphia and flourished for a while, but was eventually ruined by the dishonesty of his partners. Broken in spirit and estate, he went back to his village home to die a pauper. Recently he received notice that property to the value of $200,000, most of it government bonds, had been left him by Don Hidalgo, and he is naturally rejoiced thereat.

A MAN in New Orleans has invented a process of manufacturing mirrors which, it is claimed, is destined to take the place of the quicksilver process. In only ten or fifteen minutes the substance used in place of quicksilver is made to adhere to the glass, and the cost of the substance is not more than one-tenth that of quicksilver. Any one can convert an ordinary piece of glass into a mirror after acquainting himself with the process.

HOME-SEEKING.

BY ANDREW B. SAXTON.

I sent my soul out on a summer eve,
While yet the clouds were crimson in the west.
The happy-hearted birds had gone to rest
And all the swaying branches seemed to grieve
As rough winds swept them. I bade my spirit leave
This clayey tabernacle that oppressed,
And through unbounded distance make its quest,
That in some orb remote it might perceive
A fitter home. Long time it strayed afar,
And wandered restless on from sky to sky,
From star-spangled deeps to deeps without a star;
Yet came at last and moaned, "'Tis vain to fly
Through this expanse. No waiting homes there are.
Than this myself no other home have I."
—[illegible]

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE summer style collars are as high as a dinner at a Niagara Falls hotel.

GAUZE and effect—a thin undershirt and a cold.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

EARLY fruit catches the worm. This is reliable.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN acorns are short out west the hogs are put at half-mast.

WE have heard of a quartet by four, but did you ever see a quart cat by two?—*N. J. Republican.*

"NEVER carry a concealed weapon where it can be seen," says the *Picayune.*

YOUNG man enjoying his first fishing experience—"O-o-o-o! I say, Charley, I heard a bite."

SOMEBODY has taken the trouble to write a book about "How to Find the Stars." Don't want to read it—step on a bit of orange peel.

"MA," said a little girl, "what is all this fuss about trade-marks? Is it the trade-marks that make so many wrinkles in pa's forehead?"

A BAREFOOTED Syracuse girl kicked a burglar out of a house, and an observing mule went behind the barn and wept.—*Camden Post.*

A GOOD boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.—*Hackensack Republican.*

THE hymn sung at the Women's Hotel: "I want a man—I want a man—I want a mansion in the skies."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

LADY—"I hope your little grandson took all that beef tea I sent, Mr. Stubbles." Mr. S.—"Ne'er a drop would he take, mum, and the milk and sugar as I put in, you wouldn't credit."

SAM PAGE, of Boston, is a horse philanthropist. One of his hobbies is that all blinders should be removed. He wants the horse to have a chance to see a fellow kiss his girl.—*Free Press.*

DEATH comes on sea and land, in the parlor, kitchen, corn-crib, down cellar, on the roof, everywhere. It stands every man in hand to drive his neighbor's hens carefully out of the garden.—*Det. Free Press.*

AN Irish soldier called out to his companion: "Hollo, Pat! I have taken a prisoner." "Bring him along, then; bring him along!" "He won't come." "Then come yourself." "He won't let me."

STUDIOUS OLD LADY—"Did you ever read all about that great plague in London, dearie?" Affectionate Husband—"No, nor I doan't want tew; hain't it enough to 'ave a plague in my own house?"

"WHISKY is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Deacon Jones; but it don't say to swallow them."

BARBER (apropos of customer's beard)—"Yes, great improvement, indeed, sir, since you took our 'Balm of Illyria.' Of course you will take another bottle?" Customer (dryly)—"No, thanks; haven't tried the first yet."

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance who recently bought a lot of Leghorn fowls being assured that they were good layers, says that he was never before so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the adage, "Great hoax from little Leghorn's grow."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"THE water is too cold yet," sadly mused the undertaker, yesterday morning, and then his features relaxed and his eyes brightened as he proceeded more cheerily, "but when the weather gets warmer, and the swimming season is fairly opened, children's sizes will go off fast enough."—*St. Louis Journal.*

Two young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm house and felt hungry. They yelled out to the farmers daughter: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves."

HE was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Cazenovia, "you don't take any more chances than I do."—*Exchange.*

AFTER the circus parade, two small boys met on the street. One of them, his face glowing with excitement, said: "O, Johnny! did you see that fellow with the snake around his neck?" No word from Johnny. "Yer seen the man in the lion's cage, uncourse?" No word or sign from Johnny, save and except a cloud upon his brow. "Well, yer seen the ponies with the red blankets on, didn't yer?" "Naw, an' I didn't," said Johnny at last, bursting into tears. "I had to stay at home and tend our baby, but I kin lick the stuffin' out of you!"

IN the rural district of Forfarshire, a young ploughman once went courting on a Saturday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic; he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion—not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent dispair. The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teachings of the old Scotch song, "Men maun be the first to speak," and she sat patiently regarding him with demure surprise. At last John exclaimed, "Jenny, there's a feather on your apron!" "I widna ha'e wondered if there'd been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sitting aside a goose a' nicht."

PHILIPPA'S COUSIN;
OR,
ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

BY SIDNEY TEICHER.

"Here I am, mamma, tired and hungry, but oh! so glad to be home."

The next moment a pair of soft young arms were clasping about Mrs. Bertram's neck, and loving kisses were showered upon her forehead, cheeks and lips.

"Don't Philippa, you will smother me!"

But the mother's eyes brightened with mingled pride and pleasure as she held the girl a little way from her and looked fondly at her beauty.

Her face was a strangely attractive one; but, though exquisitely lovely in its outlines, the charm lay mostly in expression. The large eyes, changing with each passing emotion, looked at times almost black, though they were really a deep cerulean blue. The pure coral of her face was broken only by a few trotting dimples upon the cheeks and chin, and smiles seemed as most at home on the rosy, arching lips as was sunshine upon the shimmering curls which, since a severe illness, had grown into soft dark rings about her head.

"You are the image of your father since your hair has come in to that boyish way. Poor Philly!" said Mrs. Bertram sighed. Her child had never received a father's caress. He had died suddenly of pneumonia a short time before Philippa was born. Her widow had been faithful to his memory, though her hand had been again sought in marriage, as she was a fine-looking, attractive woman. Her heart was given to her child's attachments; and, after her husband's death, Philippa had crowded all others out of her heart. She had been named for her father by his wish, and the determination to his name. Ambitious for her child's future, she had already planned a career for her in the conservatory; but, as yet, the one most interested was in ignorance of them.

"But, mamma, why didn't you come to see me?" inquired the young girl, while Philippa, as she unfastened her sealskin coat and laid it beside the crimson cap of the same material which she had worn when she left the house, asked Mrs. Bertram hesitated. Then, with a look of sudden resolution, she replied:

"I will tell you the reason, Philippa —— and your father by my side, because I can no old enough now to understand and to help me. We are not as rich as we should appear from our style of living, and I have been obliged to use your money